

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

ART. I.—RITUAL.

1. *Ratio Disciplinae Fratrum Nov. Anglorum.* By COTTON MATHER.
12mo. Boston. 1726.
2. *Correspondence between the Right Reverend the Bishop of Massachusetts and the Rectors of the Church of the Advent, Boston.*
Boston. 1856.
3. *Proceedings in the House of Lords on Lord Ebury's Motion for a Revision of the Liturgy,* May 6, 1858. *Pamphlets on the same by* REV. J. C. PROBY and REV. C. ROBINSON. London. 1858.
4. *Liturgical Revision. Progressionist Church Tracts.* No. 1. London: Whittaker. 1859.
5. *The Diversified Ministry of an Unchanging Gospel.* A Sermon by REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. Oct., 1856. Boston.
6. *Home Pastimes, or Tableaux Vivants.* Boston: J. E. Tilton and Company. 1860.

IN discussing, not long since, the characteristics of Asiatic civilization and barbarism, we spoke of the marvellous facility with which the people of the East, the Hindoos in particular, arrange processions, and other ceremonies in which many persons are united. With the smallest amount of "properties" an effect is produced far surpassing the most elaborate preparations of our Chief Marshals and Lord High Chamberlains. With them a procession always succeeds. With us it always fails. We have been attempting, for two thousand years, more or less, to express everything we have to say in written language,—in that habit of the mind which results in creeds, constitutions of government, and Complete Letter-Writers.

The Oriental, on the other hand, has been willing to avail himself of that larger range of language, in which a thousand forms besides verbal forms are used to express sentiments, and even convictions. His pantomime, therefore,—or his ritual, to use a graver phrase,—is vastly more effective than ours.

Of Western nations, the Anglo-Saxon races have certainly the least power in expressing themselves without the help of verbal symbol. It would not be hard to show that the Fine Art of England and America rests much more on the help of the words of the catalogues,—on the "This is a horse," or "This is Samson and Delilah, with three Philistines and four Hebrews, as described by Milton—*See Samson Agonistes*,"—than does the Art of any other lands. Our symbols, when we attempt them at all, convey sentiments only through the medium of something which has been written down. The English and American fireworks, for instance, are the worst in the world. And where the pyrotechnist of any other nation triumphs in the harmonies of his coloring, or the ingenuity of his forms, with the Anglo-Saxon crowd the great victory is to see some letters which they can read,— "Our gracious Queen," or "Liberty and Independence." So the East Indian procession, of which we spoke, expresses its jubilant enthusiasm by a brilliant series of contrasts of color,—in all which there is not a nominative case or a verb, there is not even a jot or a letter. The Anglo-Saxon who looks on is moved by the grandeur of the spectacle,—but when he analyzes it, he finds it is the display of rags. When he goes home and joins in a procession himself, he instantly becomes literal and statistical. He takes the idea of his banner, not from God's rainbow, but from the Government's Almanac. He selects the strongest man in his company, to whom he appoints an Aaron and a Hur as assistants, who shall carry a broad sheet along the street, which shall announce, in large letters, that "The Boston Association of Bellows-Menders was formed MDCCXXVII. and incorporated MDCCXXXIX.," and that Robert Throckmorton is at this moment President, and Henry Fettyplace Vice-President, and that this sheet was painted by Apelles & Co., No. 99 East 24th Street. And this he calls "a banner." Even in music—which, as addressing itself to the ear, has a better chance to suit his taste—he relies as

little on any expressions which do not state facts to him. There is hardly a symphony of Beethoven which can be performed without an explanation printed for the audience of "what it means." And in place of being soothed into reverie by a series of harmonies wholly above and beyond speech,—instead of being left to adjust these to the necessities, habits, and experiences of our own lives,—we have some rigmarole given us in print to tell us that all this means Orpheus descending into hell to find Eurydice, or some similar narrative, which we can better read in Lempriere.

The Southern European nations, which have a little imagination mixed in with their Western traits, sometimes seize on a symbol which does not need a dictionary to interpret it. Thus, Castile and Leon were satisfied with the device of a castle and a lion for their emblems. But when you come upon Anglo-Saxonism pure, you get at no such conceit as that. Good types of the Anglo-Saxon's symbols are the seal of the State of Alabama, which is a map of the State, and that of the State of Michigan, where they make their motto an advertisement to settlers looking out for a home: "If you are seeking for a pleasant peninsula, look here!" — "*Si quæris peninsulam amenanam, circumspice.*"

We do not propose to go into the æsthetic questions as to fundamental differences of race, which are thus suggested. Our simple opinion is, that there are native differences of race; that a Greek, for instance, preferred to recognize a statue of Bacchus by his fulness of muscle, his drowsiness of eye, his languor of position, and the general good-nature of his expression; while the Romans preferred stupidly to spell out the letters, B A C C H U S, under the statue; and a German, like Winckelmann, indifferent at heart both to expression and to inscription, is delighted to identify the figure by finding a bit of a Thrysus in its hand. We believe that this native difference, however, is largely modified by the amount of attention paid to letters in a community. The alphabet ascribed to Cadmus has great conveniences. As it is introduced and studied, it gradually "runs out," as the farmers say of a vigorous grass, systems less accurate and compact. The Egyptians could express "lion" by a picture, or they

could express him by spelling his name. Gradually, but certainly, the spelling takes the place of the portrayal. When, then, an unimaginative and practical race, like the Anglo-Saxon, cultivates letters for three centuries with a terrible assiduity, like ours and our fathers', the result is a gradual disappearance of symbols, which are more picturesque perhaps, but more cumbersome and less definite. In the natural progress of such refinement, the tumultuous crowd which would have cheered bluff Harry or young Edward three centuries ago by the throwing of hats into the air and the ejaculation of unnominated and unpredicated hurrahs, now meet and appoint a committee to draw up an address, which they sign on parchment, and send to Prince Albert Edward, as a concise statement of their enthusiasm.

Not tempted, however, into the discussion of the cause of the decline of symbolic or ritual expression among people of English race, we have to add, that, for every reason, it has been most rapid and fatal in America, especially in New England. We left behind us in Europe the symbols which thousands of years had consecrated; and again, we pushed the verbal and literal system of expression to its height. We compel every child to learn to read,—and, if he does not read, he may die for it. For instance, the only protection we give the traveller who crosses a railroad rests on the presumption that he can read the English language. The Frenchman or the East Indian sees a triumphal arch over a roadway, with an inscription which he cannot decipher; he hears the glad clangor of bells, and drives on to see the fête,—to find himself run down by a locomotive engine, and cursed by many passengers because he has thrown them from the track. We carry him to the hospital,—and when he murmurs that he had no token of danger given him, we tell him that, with us, those who cannot read English die justly,—convicted in that fact of *lèse majesté*. This absolute worship of the letter leads to disregard, more and more distinct, of the symbol. We still pretend to seal documents, while we sign them; but the seals have really been imprinted by the printer or the stationer before the blanks were filled. And a challenge to a duel and its answer, or two lovers' billets-doux, will most likely be sealed

by the same impression, which is, alas! the *sanguine* of the heralds,— stamped by the envelope-maker on every one of the innocent millions which he sends out over the land.

In New England, as we are disposed to think, the constitutional or climatic reticency of the people has to do with this indifference to symbol. It is well known that the New England Indian hated to say anything. The more talkative Englishmen, while yet unsubdued by climate, wondered at his pertinacity of silence. And in the horrors of his own warfare, stake and fagot would not extort from him a groan. He often spent weeks without uttering a sound,—not from any Chartreux vow, but because he did not want to say anything, even if he had anything to say. The artificial life of our cities in New England certainly does not present this reticency. In them we are tinged too deeply with the effects of foreign culture, and literary. But in the regions least settled of the mountains the old sagamore silence may still be found. Stop in Coös County to ask your way, and “admire,” as Standish may have done, the syllabic beauty of reply. Blandly, and with a foreign exuberance of diction, you say to the young lady whom you call to the door of the wayside home, “Will you be kind enough to tell me if this is the road to Jefferson?” *Answer.* “It is not.” After a moment’s pause, vainly waiting information, you ask, blushing,— still exuberant in your expression,—“Is that the road which I passed at the foot of the hill?” *Oracle.* “It is.” And you, with your useless Greek gabble of an artificial civilization, waste a dozen words more in thanks, and resume your journey, reflecting to how small a limit in number may be reduced the words of essential conversation. The popular impression, that, of nature, the Yankee is talkative, is a superficial error. Take him from his home,— make him think himself important for his facility, his versatility, and activity,— and, in the new temptation, the reservoir of twenty years’ silence overflows, and great babble, splash, and even roar follows. But seek him in his home,— where that reservoir is filling,— and the shortest “Yes” and “No,” “It is” and “It is not,” are sufficient for him. He never commits himself. And to one who will not commit himself words are dangerous.

These tendencies of climate and of education being super-added to the general Anglo-Saxon inability to use symbols of expression, the New-England people have, perhaps, the least power in this way of any people in the world. Trust them with words, and such men as Mr. Webster and as Benjamin Franklin show what they can do with them. Trust them with things, and every theatre, every holiday, every public square, and every church shows what they cannot do. We have placed at the head of this article the name of a most diverting book, which undertakes to instruct New-England families in the preparation of *Tableaux Vivants*. The author is not satisfied with copying the "bust of Proserpine" by a real Proserpine,—"fine, regular features, high forehead, and good form, dress pure white, *cut extremely low in the neck*,"—nor with representing "Washington's entrance into Portsmouth" by a real Washington, on what is almost a real horse, so like is he made of curled hair or hay, cheap cotton cloth sprinkled with black, and "his eyes imitated by using the bottom of a small black glass bottle." He flies higher, and attempts those types with which we are dealing. There is a magnificent tableau, for instance, which, by a revolving stage, studied from a cider-mill, and worked by an unseen operator below, contrasts Paganism with Christianity. After Paganism has passed, Christianity appears. We cannot better illustrate a New-Englander's sense of symbols than by copying this delineation.

"THE TABLEAU OF CHRISTIANITY."

"*One Male and Two Female Figures.*—On the side of the platform which is covered with white cloth there should be erected a small pulpit. Make it of boards, cover it with cloth, and paint it in imitation of mahogany. A small red cushion should be placed on the top, supporting a large Bible, and on each side place lamps, with glass shades. In the pulpit stands a young man dressed to represent a minister of the Gospel; one hand resting on the Bible, the other raised upward. In front of the pulpit place a small table, covered with a white cloth, on which set four silver goblets. By the side of the table place a plaster pedestal, with a white urn on the top, to represent a font; on each side of the pulpit, and at the extreme ends of the platform, are two female figures; both are kneeling by the side of small pedestals; these can be made of small boxes, covered with white cloth, and ornamented with

myrtle. The female figures should face the audience. One holds a large Bible with the right hand, and points to the pages with the left. The eyes are cast upward; the face expresses meekness and serenity. The second figure, at the other end of the platform, holds a cross in the left hand, and points to it with the right; the eyes are raised upward, the face expressing pleasure. Their costume consists of white dresses, *cut low at the top*, sleeves quite long and flowing, and ornamented with white muslin; the waist is encircled with a band of satin ribbon; a wreath of white flowers adorns the head, and *gauze wings are fastened to the back of the waist*. The hair should be dressed closely to the head, and a few curls allowed to hang on the shoulders. The length of the cross is three feet; color, light blue. On small pedestals, between the pulpit and the female figures, place models of the steam-engine, steamboat, printing-press, and telegraph. The tableau of Paganism must be first produced, after which the machinery should slowly revolve, bringing into view the tableau of Christianity."

Such is a New-Englander's representation of Christianity!

We should, however, do great injustice to this absurd book,—which has afforded us more amusement than any novel of the summer,—if we did not say that it is by oversight, apparently, that the kneeling figures named above have these low-necked dresses. In general, in about forty instances, the directions for dresses cut low in the neck are intended for the symbolizing of beauty in some of its forms,—while religion and piety, in every instance except this, wear dresses "cut very high." As the book is our only printed guide to the symbolism of New England, so essential a point in costume deserves attention.

This inability to express anything by ritual or symbol appears, of course, in every social arrangement of such a people. There is no New England State, but Massachusetts, which retains any formality worth mention, of any sort, in the opening or closing of a legislature. When their time comes, they begin; when their time comes, they go home. In Boston there was formerly a pretty and not inconvenient symbol, which indicated when the Legislature was in session. A flag was raised on the State Capitol when it met in the morning, and at the daily adjournment was drawn down. But we have observed that this practice has given way. Why should it last, indeed? Do not

the morning papers tell when the houses will meet? Do not the evening papers announce their adjournment the moment after? "Let us have words," say these descendants of the Puritans, "and not signs." In front of one of the State Capitols of New England there is, at the moment we prepare this paper, a deserted mowing-machine, or reaper, or horse-rake, left in the *débris* of some Agricultural Fair in the most conspicuous position. It is not a statue meant to symbolize Agriculture. The man who left it there had not occasion to take it home. It does no harm there. There is room for it. It is nobody's business in particular to take it away, and so it remains. The indifference of the people to symbolism is illustrated in its presence. It is carefully drawn up under a platform from which some speaker has addressed some constituency. If the whole arrangement were not neat, it would not be left there an hour. But, as it is neat and orderly, the New-England sense is not shocked by its obtrusion in front of the pretty yard of the Capitol. Yet how oddly would it strike one to see either the platform or the war-worn machine in front of the statue of Columbus at Washington, of Westminster Hall at London, or of the Uffizi at Florence!

It is the same deficiency which makes all our public gatherings as monotonous in programme as they are. The New-Englander's idea of "meetings" is based wholly on the religious meetings of his fathers. And they, though they urged very strenuously their right to cast off old forms of service, soon adopted a very rigid form of their own, which has been the model for every meeting of every kind from that day down. The anomalies, the sports, as the botanist calls them, soon fall back to the type. The Fourth of July came up, for instance. It has to be celebrated. But there is no new form for the celebration. It is celebrated on the pattern of Sunday. The inevitable "procession" is a poor travesty of the Sunday throng of worshippers pressing up to church at one hour. Then, to match the sermon, there is an oration; to match the reading of the Scripture, we must read the Declaration. Put the prayers in the place of the prayers at church, substitute odes for hymns, and the "celebration" is complete. So inevitable is this order, that, the moment a celebration is

spoken of, we do not say, "Is there to be an address?" We say, "Who is to deliver *the oration?*" And, wherever the celebration takes place,—on a ship's deck, in the forest, or on the top of a new-climbed mountain,—*the oration* is an essential,—as essential as *the sermon* was to the ritual-hating Puritan. It is almost impossible, indeed, to meet a few friends at a house-warming without the inevitable oration, or to take some children on a picnic without two occasional songs and *the address*. We launch a ship, or we dedicate a school-house, on the same pattern by which we worship God. A more curious instance of copying is our practice of ringing the bells on such occasions. Where there were chimes of bells, which could play appropriate tunes, bells naturally were rung to play them. We have but two or three chimes in New England. But though all the bells in a village should be inharmonious with each other, we ring them, because other people ring theirs; though perhaps we express discord where we mean to express union.

For it is to be observed all along, that the New-Englander's inability to devise symbol or ritual does not imply any dislike of it. People are apt to like most that which they do not have, whether they be travellers in the desert, eager for water they cannot get, or word-ridden Anglo-Saxons, thirsting for forms of beauty which they cannot devise. While we say, therefore, that the New-Englander has, in general, the least power of ritual expression conceivable, and that he employs, generally speaking, the worst ritual conceivable, we must add, in the same breath, the pathetic truth, that no nation uses more eagerly such ritual as it has. This is part of the New-Englander's loyalty to law, written or unwritten. Custom requires, for instance, in the case we have named, that there should be *the oration*. What if there is no one to deliver it? What if there is nothing to say? What if everybody knows there is nobody to deliver it, and nothing to say? None the less does the sturdy New-Englander sit gallant through his celebration, and listen to the nothing which is said, because such is the received ritual of the occasion. Every one of our readers has assisted at meetings where the animated conversation of the members, on the very subject which united them, was cut short by a

moderator, who "called to order," and bade them "proceed to business." Vain to explain to such a moderator that they were really at their business before! Vain to show him, by sad silence, that there is none of the formal business to be transacted for which he calls! The ritual of the meeting must go on. How often we hear such a moderator call upon the exhausted reservoir before him for more speakers to "occupy the time"!—his only object being to keep strictly to the programme or ritual which has been adhered to by three hundred and forty-seven meetings before. So, in a frank moment, the greatest of geologists complained that the American stratifications were very unconformable to the geological theories;—unwilling, for that, to make the theories conform to the stratifications. Let us hold to our ritual, though we die! The arrangements, almost imbecile, of the different charitable lodges,—the curious displays of uniform, often very multiform, which they borrow from the stage, from their notions of heraldry, and elsewhere,—all show how eagerly attached our people are to any ritual which offers itself, and with what readiness they avail themselves even of the worst, if it comes to hand.

We have chosen our illustrations without any regret that they come to us so often from movements utterly unimportant, because we are willing to show, in whatever way, that we do not consider this national deficiency in symbolism the great misfortune which it is often called. It is a little misfortune. We may say, however, that, like many little misfortunes, it has often worked us great good. The two habits of looking at the real utility of everything, and of being willing to act all alone, without direction, are habits which are closely connected with it. These habits have been of first-rate importance in the establishment and development of this country. When General Washington entered Boston in triumph, and took the deserted quarters of General Howe, he called to him his new landlady's little daughter, and asked her if she liked the red-coats best or the Americans. The fearless child, as sensitive as any child to the charms of uniformity, owned that she preferred the red-coats. "Do you, my dear?" said the chief, patting her on the head; "but it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting." That struggle would have been ended in a fortnight, and on the

wrong side, if the "ragged boys" who engaged in it had been cowed by their want of uniform; if they had not been willing, in the phrase, since proverbial, of one of them, "to fight on their own hook." And in all our somewhat sentimental and æsthetic longings for more of beauty, form, and harmony, we must remember that not only the military, but the social and moral triumphs of this nation, have been won under the banners, so grossly unartistic, of individualism. It is the lonely settler who subdues our wilderness. It is the untaught navigator, following no man's route, who opens our Northwest trade, and our fisheries. It is the determination to avoid precedent which invents our machinery. It is always in such short cuts across desert and mountain that we have escaped the world of old-time evils, which all those nations battle with who travel upon the beaten highways.

It is not merely preposterous, then, to claim that the symbols employed in the nation's social movements involve questions of the first importance. It is almost wicked to do so. These things are not of the first importance. They only deserve consideration after the great first questions have been decided. Then, however, they do deserve attention. They have a secondary importance.

When a people has gained freedom, dignity, peace, civil order, and general education, it is not amiss, as a question of a lower degree, to ask if it cannot improve on the external forms which it has received from past ages, for the expression of its sentiments on any occasion which calls together bodies of men.

Our principal business with this question, whose secondary character we thus acknowledge, is with relation to the exhibition by symbol or ritual of religious sentiments or convictions. The efficiency and deficiency of the ritual of the New England churches, of every school, has been much discussed. In proceeding to discuss it ourselves, we have thought it necessary first to show that the deficiencies are no peculiarities of our worship, but that they are equally observable in everything we have to do. We are just as unsuccessful in creating first-rate spectacle on the stage, as we are in church in satisfying the demands of Eastern tastes or Roman. Whether we can

improve on these deficiencies in our worship or not, is a fair question. But it is not in any sort an isolated question. We cannot ascribe the present ritual of any church exclusively or chiefly to the doctrine of that church; while in matters of political arrangement, of amusement, even of the fine arts, and every other exhibition of social habit, we find symbolism of the same merits and the same demerits. If we were a people highly successful in the ritual of every other public meeting, we might complain the more sadly that our meetings for worship show no very characteristic forms, or very harmonious observances. As we, however, share with our mother, England, a habit of mind which makes us singularly slow in all external observance,—as we even go beyond her in our imbecility in that regard,—our religious observances are to be considered, not as so many unfortunate exceptions, but as springing from deep-grounded traits of national character, whose other fruits, similar to these, are appearing all along.

The theory of the emigrating Puritans as to ritual in worship was simple enough. It amounted to an abandonment of everything that they had seen in the churches at home. Thus they saw the dangers of reading prayers. Therefore they read nothing at church,—not even the sermon or the Bible,—and propounded the hymn, couplet by couplet, from the pulpit. So they saw the idolatries connected with funerals, and therefore prayer, and sermon even, were omitted in the burial of their dead. The apostolic succession was implied in ordination, and therefore “for these things the churches of New England have *no forms*,” writes Cotton Mather, in his *Ratio Disciplinæ*. “The churches of New England have no forms,” may indeed be taken as the motto of the worship which was established here by those men, who, in fact, were exiling themselves precisely that they might avoid the forms which had been consecrated by Rome.

But none the less did the trait exist in their national character which we have been illustrating. Obedience to law, written or unwritten, was one of the fundamentals of a New-Englander’s life. Just so soon then as the Puritan worship established itself, though on the mere platform of the omission of the forms current in England, the form which omitted form

became itself the model for succeeding generations. Thus, the congregation sang without instruments of music. That form — for it is a form as much as the singing with them — became the New England type.

Their notions about instrumental music are stated by the greatest of Puritans in the passage where he describes the first service of morning prayer,— where he also enters his protest against the monotony of a liturgy : —

“ Lowly they bowed, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid,
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness.”

The Congregational worshipper attached himself to his form with a conservative bigotry equal to any other. When, after a century and more of this particular form, the proposal was made by a degenerate posterity to introduce organs or other instruments, it was met by an opposition which showed very thoroughly the attachment of the people to the ritual which had taken the place of them. A generation or two of discussion finally forced in the innovation. But it is matter of history, recorded by Dr. Lothrop, that when the first organ built for a Congregational church — that in Brattle Square — arrived in Boston harbor, an influential member of that church offered to pay its worth to the charity funds if he might have the privilege of throwing it into the sea.

The introduction of the reading of the Scriptures into public service was another of the new forms where that innovating church led the way. And it required nearly a century after that unpopular introduction to reconcile all the Congregational churches to the custom. Indeed, the frequent omission of the reading now shows that it is not yet considered a central part of the service. In neither of these instances, however, was the opposition to change conducted on the principle which had governed the first Puritans. It was just the reverse principle. It was no fear of old customs, but a love of them. Those who

struggled, a hundred years ago, against organs and the Bible in church, had no dread that Popery would come in with them. They simply wanted, with true New England deference to law, to keep the observances of religion as they found them. The spirit is exactly the same which gives to the eighty-fourth anniversary of American Independence a programme identical with that of the first celebration of the Boston Massacre.

The Puritan no-ritual thus established itself very soon as the Puritan ritual. The inability of the Anglo-Saxon mind to appreciate visible forms of expression other than those reduced to words, then played its part in a conservatism which hindered any criticism of the ritual thus established by custom. The same conservatism and hindrance exist still. Most people do not observe the language with which their ecclesiastical arrangements speak to a few sensitive and exceptional persons. We remember, for instance, that, not long since, there was one form of communion-table generally in use in the churches in one part of our country. It had been introduced probably by the accident that it was rather dissimilar from the ordinary parlor-table used in the neighborhood. Some parish committee had examined a cabinet-maker's stock,—had found a pretty table, which opened and shut by a convenient arrangement, admitted of sufficient ornament, and was already made. For these reasons, they bought it. Other churches bought similar tables because the first had done so. The fact that the peculiar pattern was that commonly called *a card-table* did not occur to any of these purchasers as having anything to do with the purchase. The table was convenient, pretty, and ready for use. Indeed, the incongruity between the ecclesiastical use of that table and the general use which gives it its name, would not occur to more than one in a hundred of the worshippers in that neighborhood. If it answered its purpose when needed, they would ask no more. The idea that a mere mechanical construction made any suggestion to anybody of scenes of levity, of folly, or of vice, would not occur to them. The same thing is illustrated by a trifle, at almost every assembly which crowds a congregation of laymen and ministers in one church. The ministers, from habit, sit in the pulpit and on the stairs to it. The crowd becomes more dense and more, and as space is more

and more valuable, they take their hats from the floor and heap them on that communion-table which to worshippers of other creeds is so sacred. A pile of twenty or thirty hats gradually grows in front of the pulpit. In a picture of the scene it would be the central and most conspicuous object. An East Indian would consider it a symbol of something in the service. But the New England eye does not, of nature, observe its presence there at all. Most New-Englanders would leave the church without having noticed this grotesque pyramid.

These instances are simply ludicrous. Certainly there is nothing strictly *wrong* in such use of the place which is set apart for the most affecting service of our religion. It is not an altar. It never bears up a sacrifice. But we must add, in passing, that the habit, almost universal, of making it the support of a coffin and corpse, when a funeral is conducted in church, is so nearly wrong that it deserves to be spoken of more seriously. At that place, on that table, are brought together at solemn times the memorials of the world's new life,—the symbols of the New Covenant. Its every association ought to be an association of joy, life, and victory. To make it then the last earthly resting-place of perishing clay,—to associate it, in the minds of mourners, with their farewell to features that they will never see again, is certainly an indifference to symbol which nothing but the severest Puritanism would justify,—and which, in any recoil from the severity of Puritanism, the least tender conscience would avoid.

We specify these particular instances, not from any thought of bringing together a catalogue of forms in poor taste in our New England ritual. We have no such intention. It would be business as worthless as easy,—though as easy as disagreeable. We adduce them simply to say that each of them, and of others like them, would vanish at once, were there any strong critical feeling in such matters. But, as we attempted to show in the beginning of this paper,—from the illustrations which may be taken from un-ecclesiastical life, where there is no danger of a Puritanical prejudice,—our people are not keen-eyed or critical about any such things. No change is made in them, because, in general, they express nothing to the observer. There is the same indifference as that which curtains

a church with a color which will not harmonize with the color of the carpet, cushions the pews with other unharmonious colors, and, by way of making the pulpit grander than the rest, puts yet another carpet there of another unharmonious hue, and arranges cushions of yet another upon its reading-desk. This is not Puritanism. It is simply an indifference to all symbolic or æsthetic arrangement,—a national, not a religious characteristic, which results in an absence of all criticism.

A clergyman who had lately visited Rome once favored us with his own experience in this matter, in an anecdote which will illustrate this position. "I went," he said, "the week after I came home, to officiate at a funeral in the chapel of one of our favorite rural cemeteries. In the desk I did not find Bible, hymn-book, or prayer-book, as I had expected, and I went myself in search of them. Walking through the snow to the superintendent's lodge, I found they had been removed there for security. He produced them at once,—and asked if I would carry them up to the chapel, or if he should send them. Now I was not in the least above my business, and was perfectly willing to take them. But the books were large, the way was long and very slippery, and I feared the mourners would arrive at best at the chapel before I returned,—as in fact they did. Availing myself, therefore, of his kind offer, I hurried back to my place, permitting him to send the books after me. When we were all seated in the chapel, in the hushed silence of two or three hundred persons, a heavy step announced that they had come. A laboring man, whose costume suggested at once that he had been called from digging a grave, entered, with the Bible under one arm, the prayer-book under another, some hymn-books piled together in his hands,—delivered them upon the desk much as he would have done from his wheelbarrow,—and departed with as much noise and as little ceremony as he came. Now I dare say this method of bringing the books there was all right. They were safely brought and promptly delivered. I know that when at the Cathedral at Florence, a few weeks before, I saw a priest in full costume bring to the Archbishop his prayer-book, kneeling and kissing the book as he did so, I thought the form preposterous. Still I asked myself now, for a moment, if nothing was possible be-

tween the two systems. That is not, however, my reason for speaking of it. What impressed me on after thought was this : that had I not been fresh from the Duomo, and St. Peter's, and Canterbury, I do not believe I should have thought of what seemed to me irreverence a second time. And of the two or three hundred persons present there, I do not believe *one besides myself* thought of it at all."

We believe our friend's estimate of proportion to be quite correct. There is no general nor considerable criticism of any such matters of ritual among our people. Any changes which are planned or made are of interest only to the sensitive few. The great body of worshippers would rather prefer to hold to the form, expressive or inexpressive, to which they are accustomed, than of their own motion to change it. Their attention may be aroused, but it is not aroused by any dissatisfaction of their own.

This is as true, according to our observation, in the Roman churches here, and in the Episcopalian, as in ours. No ritual could be worse, if judged from intrinsic merit, than the starved and fragmentary responses so often heard, or not heard, in the Episcopal churches. They are held to only because they are responses after the fashion of the last generation. So in a large Roman Catholic church in Massachusetts, one Christmas day, we saw the priest, after inveighing against his people's idolatry,— comparing their worship of the bottle to the heathen's worship of Bacchus or of Venus,— stop and take out his own private fetish, in the shape of a large snuff-box, and slowly offer his own elaborate devotions to it, under the eyes of a thousand people, waiting to know what might be the next head of his discourse. He never would have done this in presence of any congregation in the least sensitive or critical as to the symbolism of a service.

Such general indifference to these details is to be remembered all along in discussions of any change of the outward ministrations of devotion. It is true that we hear occasionally of a person who is detached from the Congregational order because she is attracted by the dignity, pomp, and reverence of the Roman service. But, in this country, for one such it would be easy to find ten who are detached from the Roman order by

what seems to them its millinery, frippery, and general materialism. Nor is the "decency and order" of the Episcopal service any exception. To a congregation not bred to it, it is partly a puzzle and always a cross. Our Episcopalian friends are scarcely aware of the difficulty with which a congregation unaccustomed to the "decency and order" of their ritual maintains a proper sympathy in assisting at their services. When, in the parlor of a mountain hotel, for instance, three or four "priests and deacons" conduct a service according to King Edward the Sixth's directions, the unwonted Baptists, Freewill Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, who make up nine tenths of their congregation, follow the movements with surprise, which only does not break into laughter because the motive of all parties is devout and sincere. There is nothing in the ritual itself which suggests the sentiment intended. We may doubt, indeed, if even kneeling, often spoken of in arrangements of service, naturally suggests much in a nation where no subject kneels to any king, no squire to any knight, no vassal to any squire,—nay, no lover to his mistress.

As an illustration of this sort of surprise, we may mention the doubt, even agony, of a young bride and bridegroom who had come into one of our shire towns to be married. With that almost proud indifference to form which we have tried to describe, they had asked, as such couples do, for a minister, quite careless of his "denomination"; and, finding the Rector of St. Stephen's in town, had gone with him to that church to be married. He had sent them away with his blessing, and they had ridden over five miles towards home, when the happy sense of union was blighted by a sudden thought that this had been a Roman Catholic church, and he an agent of the Pope who had bound them! Instantly they returned. The New Englander is catholic; but he is anything but Roman Catholic. Were the young lovers one or two? They did not know till they had come back to the town where they had pledged their vows, and made sure that it was a Protestant clergyman who had united them. There had been nothing in "our decent and reverent liturgy" to inform them. This story may be taken in confirmation of the remark which the Chevalier Bunsen makes, that the English liturgy is a com-

pilation from the worst liturgies of the period of the Church's lowest decline. Bunsen certainly is a judge as little prejudiced as could be selected among learned men of our time.

Among the sensitive persons whose attention has been called to a criticism of the deficiencies of our ecclesiastical ritual, will be and ought to be most of the clergy. The impressive and true conduct of divine service, that it may fulfil to the very best its all-important function, is one of the matters which should be nearest their hearts. It is in entire sympathy with them, and in the fullest hope for the success of every effort of theirs in the improvement of ecclesiastical ritual, that we attempt to show how such improvement must go on in the midst of New England. They may not thank us for the statement, but none the less is it true, that any movement in such matter must come mostly from them. Besides the clergyman of a parish there will be a few sensitive parishioners, persons perhaps educated outside of New England, who will sympathize with his regrets for the undemonstrative nature of the ritual of the Church. But the great majority of the people will feel no such regrets. To the great majority the Puritan ritual is the only ritual known,—its defects do not appear,—and, with all the cumulative worth of all the associations of childhood and youth, with all the blessings of their most solemn hours of devotion, is it crowned. To them, therefore, it is not undemonstrative. We believe that even in that change so familiar in every church,—in the Church of England more frequent than in any other, perhaps,—in the change of hymn-books, the large majority of a congregation, if we knew their individual wishes, always at first prefer the old book to the new. They know the old book, and they do not know the new. In a matter of ritual we must not ridicule such a love as that. For it is on that love of what has been established, and the associations with it, that the value of all ritual depends. We heard an accomplished scholar lately express the opinion that "Belknap's Collection of Hymns" was the best ever made. Had his memory run back a hundred and forty years, instead of forty, he would have said the same thing of "Tate and Brady," or of "Sternhold and Hopkins." His best, like that of most men, would be that connected with his earliest sacred hours. But a

sympathizing congregation, the moment it finds the minister in earnest about a change of hymn-books, yields this conservative prejudice, makes the change, and in thirty years' time is as much attached to the new book as it ever was to the old. Let him not be impatient because it uses his judgment and taste rather than its own. And let him remember that because men are what they are, especially because New-Englanders are what they are, and because ritual is what it is and ought to be,—something fixed and not variable in general,—the suggestion of a change must come from him, and not from them.

We do not conceive that this is any disadvantage to either party, if any reformation of ritual is to be made in any part of our ecclesiastical observances. Whoever enters on such reformation will of course understand, first of all, that what he proposes to change, whether good ritual or bad, is at all events *ritual*; that is, it is “an approved usage, old custom, rite, or ceremony.” What he introduces can hardly be called *ritual*, with propriety, for a generation. It will not till then, at least, be an *old* custom. Caution being thus suggested,—both because in many parts of his work he is necessarily acting in a minority, and also because he is pulling down what is bad, to introduce something better, which will need time however to give it its full value,—the first step of the reformer of ritual is pointed out directly. It is that he shall engage in those parts of his work where he will not be in a minority. Wherever he can address reason as well as sentiment, he will have all the people with him who are worth considering. And he may ruthlessly destroy at once, or do his best to destroy, whatever in our existing ritual is wicked or wrong. Created by mere accident, as it has all been, it would be strange if there were not such anomalies. We do not pretend to catalogue them; but we may enumerate a few. Much of our extravagance in mourning is not merely in bad taste,—it is wrong, as every person knows who sees the distress it brings upon the poor. No sentiment will justify it. The custom at funerals, in many places, of marching a whole congregation round a church “to take leave of the corpse,” as the undertaker generally expresses it, is again simply wrong. You see little children, who had never heard of the departed one, borne round in this dismal

procession, lifted up to look upon the unknown features, as if in fulfilment of some pagan vow, certainly not of any Christian service. This is simply wrong. The preposterous order of precedence at funerals, often agonizing to those with whom we have come to sympathize, may be set aside as simply wrong, without any discussion as to good taste or bad. So again in the Sunday service, that ritual by which persons who have come too late may enter church indifferently while praise is sung to God, though they must stay outside if praise is addressed to him by the clergyman only, is in itself wrong. In architecture, which is a part of ritual, the introduction of lies in the decorations of churches is another wrong. And here we have a good illustration, which shows how readily conscience will act in the suppression of any false ritual where the moral sense can be called upon. A Boston architect once sent into the country a plan for a church. In the taste of that day, he directed that the pews should be made of pine wood painted to imitate oak. The high-minded builders studied the plan, and asked him if he had any scruple about their using the real oak. It proved that in that region it was even cheaper than the falsehood! The architect was going out of his way to introduce an untruth into the sanctuary! Where an Italian fresco-painter (as the creatures are called because they do not paint in fresco) makes an imitation cross over the pulpit, how easy to drive out the evil with good by placing a real cross in that very place, if cross is needed. Is not New England almost proverbial for its skill in carving? In any such instance of any of the customs connected with worship, where the false ritual offends the moral sense, the minister, or whoever else undertakes the reform, will find he has the large majority of those around him to sustain him.

In the next place, the intelligent observer will see, that, in matter of ritual, it is and ought to be easier to add something new, than to take away that which is established; — *ritus*, the Roman said, — meaning *ratus*, thought over and settled. The amazing introduction of the Sunday-school among our religious institutions is an imposing illustration. Here was a piece of service wholly new, — superadded universally, in a single generation, to the established services which existed before. The introduction of the Bible, and the introduction

of the organ, to which we have alluded, were made possible, because they did not so much disturb what was, as add to it something besides. Yet the dispensing with Bible or organ had been the work of nothing less than a revolution. The introduction of evening services and of week-day religious services are other illustrations. The Thursday lecture, and occasional fasts and thanksgivings, were grave and acknowledged exceptions to the Puritans' plan of worship,—which frowned on any public services, in general, but the established meetings of Sunday. They dreaded, indeed, the breaking up of family worship, which might ensue if public meetings came too often. To this ease of adding ritual we owe it that in our own time there has been no difficulty in Congregational churches in introducing flowers on the communion-table,—a custom now fast becoming universal,—nor crosses above the pulpit. The highest Episcopal authority in this State has intimated that such usages are idolatrous; but in churches of other ritual we have never heard the first complaint made with regard to them. The reading the Psalms in alternate responses, the use of instrumental music unaccompanied by vocal, and the presence of children at the communion, may be spoken of as so many new customs which are gradually adding themselves, without great difficulty, to the ritual which has come down to us.

In one of the remonstrances of the Rector of the Church of the Advent, in this city, against the efforts which the Bishop made to prevent him from kneeling with his back to the people, he used this strong expression : “ As we showed ourselves more reverent, our people became so ; ” — and illustrated his statement by the fact that a number unprecedented had offered themselves for confirmation the year after the clergy had introduced the custom of kneeling with their backs to the congregation. We cannot believe that a result so gratifying was wholly due, as Dr. Southgate supposed it was, to the fact that he and his assistants at that church faced southwest rather than northwest in kneeling.* But the hint as to the absolute necessity of reverence in the clergy themselves is one which we venture to repeat, finding it in a clergyman's mouth, as we should else hardly dare to do. Forty years ago it was almost a part of the ritual of

* For the altar is unfortunately at the southwest end of the church.

some churches, that during "the singing" the ministers should be revising the sermon with ready pencil in the pulpit. We have been told by clergymen that most pulpits now are supplied with pencil and paper for any purpose—as of a message to the chorister—which may demand them. Bishop Southgate's suggestion certainly applies here. If any one goes to church prepared for the service, it is he who is to conduct it. Does he expect the choir, for instance, to join in the services which he leads, of course he must join with the most reverent attention in those led by them. And any indication on his part that he is studying or examining his notes, his concordance, or his congregation, is a violation of the simplest proprieties of the sanctuary.

We understand very well that we must speak here with great caution. The ministers of every denomination will be apt to tell us that they have studied their own business. We are willing to concede that every clergyman must understand his own better than we can. Still we think we may say that there would be among the clergy themselves, of every order, an assent to the propositions laid down with great point by Dr. Huntington, at the installation of his successor:—

"Again: when the people are assembled, we have a certain stereotyped order of exercises, as to length, succession, appearance, postures,—which latter have pretty generally settled down into an undisturbed, indolent sitting, from beginning to end, through every service and every emotion,—praise and prayer, cheer and penitence, reading and hearing, singing and sleeping. Have we a right to take it for granted, that all persons, of all ages and conditions, and of both sexes, who are to be converted from selfish and ungodly habits, shall be converted sitting at eleven o'clock or three o'clock, on one day of the week, in some particular building, through this trite form of proceedings, or not converted at all?"

We confess that we sympathize with the spirit of this whole passage, of which we should be glad to quote more. Will not every one answer in the affirmative to the question with which it closes? Speaking of the Episcopalians, he says:—

"When the most staid and finical of the sects among us is found moving in a national convention, as it is this very night, for a freer ecclesiastical breathing-room, for a more liberal order, and a worship

better suited to the diversified wants of the worshippers, may it not be rationally expected that our less restricted Congregational ministry will consult whether the measure of apostolic adaptation is yet reached among us,—whether Sunday and the sanctuary are not treated as too exclusively the channels of God's grace, and a pulpit fashion made the too intolerant dictator of Christian enterprise?"

Is there not a general feeling that "pulpit fashion" may be too intolerant? The "pulpit fashion" of Congregationalism drifted gradually, in the first century of New England, into written sermons. Have not the example of Everett and of Beecher, preaching their sermons and delivering their addresses without using a written word, done something to shake "pulpit fashion" there. And, in general,—in the reform of ritual which the clergy must lead, if it is to be led at all, or made at all,—is it not possible that some reforms may be made in the ritual of the pulpit, as well as in that of the pews?

For instance, we venture, with all caution, as we have said, to ask if a certain unity of service, running through the whole hour of assembly, is not possible, which is not always gained? We are disposed to think that most children regard a congregational service as consisting of nine *things*. The voluntary is not, to a child, part of the service, more than the ringing of the bell. To many of the congregation, alas! it is no more than an arrangement to "occupy the time," and to drown the noise of incoming. The child's nine *things* are three prayers, three hymns, and "the Bible," the sermon, and the benediction. Now if that ritual could be abandoned, by which a considerable part of the congregation regularly come too late; or if, as in the country in Virginia, a pause should be made expressly for them to enter just before the sermon, the voluntary might lead directly to the opening prayer, and that prayer not seem separated from the hymn. So of the services which follow. Nor do we speak here, of course, chiefly of external arrangements. Has not each public religious service some general sentiment of its own pervading the whole occasion? Is there not some leading emotion, or possibly some leading thought, which belongs to each particular meeting together of Christians? If this is so, is it not possible for the preacher so to avail himself of it that even a child shall feel

that, from the beginning to the not distant end, one current of feeling runs through the whole,—and that this is not nine services, but one?

We refrain from carrying further such suggestions, however. We would not volunteer our advice to a body of conscientious and devout men, who understand their duties better than we can. And we are especially anxious not to enter into a single discussion of detail in that consideration of some of the principles of American Ritual to which we have devoted this paper.

Our hope, indeed, has been to show that the questions of Ritual are much broader than the details of Rubric or of Liturgy, with which of late they have been too often confounded. Having pointed out the directions in which improvement is easy,—in changes of anything that offends the moral sense,—in any improvements in our “pulpit fashion,”—and in other matters, in additions of what is good, rather than in attempts to change what is harmless,—we have now only to indicate the encouragement which the actual position of affairs gives to those who really wish to work for an improved American Ritual.

It must be confessed that, in removing anything that is innocent in our present customs of worship, they will meet with all those difficulties which we have suggested. But they ought not to wish that people should readily abandon the ritual which is their only ritual. They have, on the other hand, the encouragement that, with every church in America except the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal,—a small minority these of the whole,—every ritual now in use was originally “no ritual.” The work of clearing away rubbish was done, and thoroughly done, for most of these churches, two hundred and fifty or three hundred years ago. Whoever wishes to build now has, perhaps, it is true, but an unenthusiastic and undemonstrative order of service to build upon. But he has scarce anything false in it or idolatrous, and what is false or idolatrous he can blow away with a breath. Let any such man remember—looking, indeed, far wider than Rubric or Liturgy—that the only ritual which is a ritual to the great body of native-born Americans is the simple service of the Methodist, Lutheran, Congregational, or Presbyterian

Churches. He is not any more bound to take suggestions from the English Church, than he is from the churches of Germany or Sweden,—from the Moravian Church, the Roman, the Greek, or the Nestorian. Most Christians in America know as little of the services of the first of these as they know of those of any other. By far the largest majority associates all its early impressions and devout seasons of refreshing with the rituals of the Puritans, or of Knox, or of Wesley, or of Luther. Whoever would build up more and better ritual has the great advantage, then, that he is not fettered to any form which has been tried hitherto, while he is at liberty to take suggestions from any or from all. Let him remember, also, that no confession is without its difficulties. We have quoted the passage in which Dr. Huntington alluded to the struggles of "the most staid and finical of the sects among us,"—the Episcopal Church. In the councils of that majestic Mother Church which she so feebly travesties, there is like struggle. Lord Ebury will urge the amendment of the liturgy. And those who will not change a letter of it would be glad indeed to know how to make it shorter without a change. In Italy, there is no pretence that a decent order is secured without struggle. The following confession, addressed to "clerical readers," is part of the Preface of a manual for the office of the Holy Week, published in 1841, "by authority."

"There is no doubt that many pious ecclesiastics are inquiring what are the established rites and ceremonies of the Roman Church in the 'functions' of the Holy Week. For there are almost innumerable manuals published for them, which do not satisfy the real demand, because they are so different from each other, so contradictory, that they seem intended to alter and disturb the Rubrics."

Let the American improver, then, take all the benefit of his vantage-ground. For a single instance, out of all, in the one detail of Liturgy, let him remember first that that forms only one element in ritual; and again, that what is commonly called "the Liturgy" in conversation is only one among a hundred ancient and consecrated "Liturgeries." There are those who think that it is by no means the best one. We have said that we are of their number. Without discussing that question, we may say, in the spirit of what we have said

all along, that to nine Americans out of ten the words of most of the English Liturgy are as unfamiliar, and have as little consecration from early sentiment, as those of the Greek Church or of the Armenian.

Looking in general, far wider than liturgies, at that ritual which includes all our sacred observances, it is quite certain that the prospect is hopeful. It is true that nobody but the clergy will persistently attempt any change. But the most devoted ritualists, or believers in the power of forms, would be the last to ask that men should wish to change the forms in which and by which they are bred. "All experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed," as Mr. Jefferson has put it in his majestic paraphrase of the more familiar words of Hamlet. The clergy can without difficulty add any new forms to the no-ritual ritual which we have received from our fathers. Without difficulty, again, they can destroy, almost by a word, anything that is wrong in that ritual,—really wrong or wicked,—where a moral decision as well as a decision of taste may be pronounced against the form. Yet again, in their own services they have, of course, unlimited range and power for variety. With these three elements of immediate success, we do not see that any man need despond who is willing to look at the whole matter of ritual, instead of one corner of it. He will find it hard to change that which is merely not imposing enough to suit him, or not as expressive as he thinks another form might be. But he has the best possible foothold for a beginning. And he can advance just as fast as he ought to. He has every reason to believe that, in the steady education and elevation of the taste and critical observation of his countrymen, the ecclesiastical symbolism is in no danger of falling behind any other. It will be growing more expressive, more imposing, every day. For it has the great advantage which no other Christian land can claim, that, if there is little actually imposing in our present ritual, there is little actually idolatrous or preposterous. Of whatever fabric of ritual God teaches us to build, the foundations, if not extensive, are not treacherous. They are modest, thank God! But they are deep and sure.

ART. II.—RURAL TASTE IN NORTH AMERICA.

A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, adapted to North America; with a View to the Improvement of Country Residences. Comprising Historical Notices and general Principles of the Art, Directions for laying out Grounds and arranging Plantations, the Description and Cultivation of Hardy Trees, decorative Accompaniments of the House and Grounds, the Formation of Pieces of Artificial Water, Flower Gardens, etc. With Remarks on Rural Architecture. By the late A. J. DOWNING, Esq. Sixth edition, enlarged, revised, and newly illustrated. *With a Supplement, containing some Remarks about Country Places, and the best Methods of making them; also, an Account of the Newer Deciduous and Evergreen Plants lately introduced into Cultivation, both Hardy and Half-hardy.* By HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT. New York: A. O. Moore & Co. 1859. 8vo. pp. 576.

DOWNING's "Landscape Gardening," originally published in 1841, has now reached the sixth edition, with large and valuable additions by Mr. Sargent. Historic notices of the older country-seats are greatly multiplied, and descriptions given of the most noteworthy new ones. Many finished engravings render the work an elegant ornament of the library table, as well as a manual of rural art. Woodcuts are profusely scattered through its pages, drawings of noble trees, such as the European linden of Presqu'-Isle, the silver fir, the Lebanon cedar, the rarer pines, junipers, and shrubs. We have also maps and views of the New York Central Park, as well as of the homestead park of Llewellyn, New Jersey,—to both which great public works we shall in due time return, and briefly describe them.

As we compare this volume with earlier editions, we are struck, not only with the immense increase of tasteful abodes springing up on every hand, but also with the multiplication of choice trees, both deciduous and evergreen. In one short chapter Mr. Downing described some twenty or thirty only. Now we have a list of two hundred and thirty-two distinct varieties. Not only are the hardy pines and spruces of our forests brought into requisition, but those also for which

our Northern winter is too severe, and which require some protection either by packing or removal during the winter. At Washington, in the Capitol and Smithsonian Institute grounds, and about Baltimore and Philadelphia, some of these "half-hardy" varieties flourish luxuriantly, while a degree farther north they can only be kept alive by care and skill. At Newport many kinds—deciduous and evergreen—stand well, which will not abide forty miles inland. Several which grow vigorously at Bridgeport or New Haven, pine away at Springfield or Rochester. One who lives in the latitude of Boston, and desires a large variety of rare trees, must certainly make up his mind to great expense in making and protecting his plantations. But with moderate means he may still be assured of many choice trees and hardy, at comparatively small cost.

We find in Mr. Sargent's Supplement the most valuable hints as to the formation of country-seats. He illustrates his views by copious details of the manner in which his own place was created, where Nature had done too much, and also of the manner in which Wellesley was laid out, where Nature had done too little. Mr. Downing expresses his opinion decidedly, that all places should have originally some large trees upon them, as the slow growth of new plantations is very tantalizing to one who longs for shade and developed grace. But not once in twenty times are the trees just those wanted, or just in the right place. To cut them down and dig up their roots costs much time and money. If they are left standing, the newer plantings will scarcely harmonize with them. This was Mr. Sargent's difficulty. The house was in the midst of a forest, which had to be cut through to open vistas of the Hudson and its highlands. As with all natural wood growing densely, the trees were bare of low branches, and the foliage was twenty to fifty feet higher in the air than it should be for proper effect. The only remedy was to top the trees, and gradually thin them out, thus bringing their bushy heads downward by slow degrees,—a process requiring as much time and a great deal more patience than to wait for an upward growth. Thus his ornamental plantations were formed by the axe; while all spaces required for his immense varieties of imported trees,

his orchards and gardens, had to be completely cleared, the branching roots grubbed up, and the soil smoothed over. One can perceive at a glance that this double process must prove very costly.

Mr. Hunnewell's place (of which several charming views are given) was made, on the contrary, entirely by the spade. So late as 1851 the present ornamented portion of the estate, about forty acres, presented to view nothing more than a hideous sandy plain, with scattered clumps of pitch-pine and scraggy oaks. These were entirely removed before anything else was planted. Then an acre of ground or more was thoroughly trenched and manured, and, when prepared for a nursery, planted with fine varieties of evergreens, elms, maples, oaks, beeches, &c. These were only about fifteen inches high, but were set out where required as they attained growth and hardihood. The lawn was then graded, subsoiled, and cultivated for some years before grassing. All the exposed parts of the estate toward the public road were planted out of view; and, until the trees reached a good height, the border yearly sown with potatoes, the yield in some measure paying for the work. When the situation of the house was finally chosen, avenues from several points were formed by alternating the *Pinus excelsa* and *Magnolia tripetala* with Norway spruces and masses of rare evergreen shrubs, such as rhododendrons, &c. for one approach, and by white pines and larches for another. With admirable taste and judgment the formality of the avenues is discontinued on approaching the lawn, with its views of the lake, the Italian garden, and the house; and the plantations are segregated into groups and single specimens, chosen especially for their beauty and rich effect. About eight acres are here adorned with the finest trees that can be procured, many of them transplanted from a distance of twenty miles even when nearly thirty feet high, by removing them during the winter, with balls of frozen earth about the roots, to holes already prepared. The keeping of these grounds has minute attention; and all the accompanying features of the place—the mansion, the terraces, the French and Italian garden, the lake—are on a corresponding scale of magnificence.

These two places, therefore, Woodnethé and Wellesley, have been formed by different means,—one by clearing portions of wood and then improving, the other altogether by planting. We have no question that Mr. Sargent is right in thinking that, at the end of ten or fifteen years, the latter mode will prove by far the most satisfactory. His counsels are also wise as to purchases and costs. It is always best to buy an improved place outright. Many a man has deluded himself by supposing that he could create a country-seat for less money than he could buy it; forgetting that, unless very near a growing city, such places almost always sell at a heavy loss, and that after he has paid for his land, and built his house, he has still his grounds to adorn, his orchards and hot-houses to form, and that in making these adjuncts the temptation to spend freely is often stronger than the wisdom to spare.

The splendors of our autumnal foliage offer the richest material to the landscape gardener in its gorgeous contrasts and harmonies of color. When October's wand touches the leafy mantles of the fields and hill-sides, they instantly flash with gold and crimson. What brilliancy, then, shall we impart to our rural homes, as we learn to group artistically the ash, the sweet-gum, the dogwood, the purple beech, their leaves shifting from dark green to yellow, and mingled with the scarlet maple's fire! A charming color-effect may be made, also, by placing two evergreens of different nature together, such as the white and double black spruce or some deciduous tree. "We remember," says Mr. Sargent, "to have seen at Ouchy, on the Lake of Geneva, that most graceful tree, the weeping silver birch, planted in the same hole with a pretty, drooping, fragile, dark-looking cedar; and the two had grown up together like two loving sisters, and their dark and silvery foliage and graceful arms gently entwined together seemed to cling fondly to each other for support,—the Minna and Brenda of the woods."*

* We will here mention a few of the newer deciduous trees in Mr. Sargent's list, beginning with the Maple. This tree is certainly one of the most valuable we have, from its stately growth, dense shade, the sugar yield of one variety, and the autumn glories of its yellow and scarlet varieties. The English field maple, *Acer*

To owners of very small places, who still wish them to look well, the safest counsel is, Do not plant large trees,—not one even; keep your grass continually shorn, your hedge evenly trimmed, your little flower-bed in perpetual order. Set out such flowering shrubs as will from spring to autumn give you a constant renewal of blossoms. So continually are new varieties now introduced from all parts of the world by scientific botanists, that it is quite unnecessary to name a choice; and, when differences of climate and soil are to be considered, much better advice can be given on the spot by a practical seedsman, than by a review destined for all latitudes. Still, of hardy ornamental shrubs we may safely suggest the double Althæas, the Deutzias, the Persian lilac, the *Pyrus Japonica*, and especially the Moutan peonies and the Weigelias, the last two introduced lately from China, by Mr. Robert Fortune. Evergreen shrubs, on the contrary, we cannot recommend; unless the cultivator has ample space and shade for them, they will not, in spite of all that has been said in their favor, stand our New England autumn and winter suns,

campestre, has not been long introduced, and is little known among us; but it is remarkably well adapted for small places, as it seldom exceeds twenty-five feet in height, and when standing alone assumes a perfectly regular rounded shape. Two other very fine varieties are the large-leaved maple, *A. macrophyllum*, and the purple-leaved *A. foliis purpureis*; the first a noble, stately tree, and the other distinguished by its leaves of purple underneath, which, in a breeze, contrast charmingly with the pale green above. Of horsechestnuts, ten new varieties are mentioned, the most beautiful, perhaps, being the dwarf white-flowering *Pavia macrostachya*, growing as a bush much broader than high, and in the month of July covered with thousands of blossoms. One of these plants at Woodnethé, though only eight feet high, is fully sixty in circumference. Of beeches, the most desirable is the fern-leaved *Fagus laciniata*, of exquisitely delicate foliage, resembling the feathery sensitive plant which beguiles us in our woodland rambles, and capable of being trimmed to any shape. Several new kinds of ash, birch, magnolia, elm, willow, &c., are spoken of; and of oaks, the most remarkable is the weeping, *Quercus pendula*, whose branches, like long slim ropes, hang nearly to the ground. Two dwarf species are also noteworthy, adapted as they are for the little plats which so many of us must be content with,—the “low-growing” *Quercus humilis*, never exceeding four feet in height, and the *Q. pumila*, an American dwarf, only about twenty inches. These trees can all be grown to advantage on a place from one to three acres in extent; but where less than an acre is all one has to cultivate, trees which attain large size had better not be planted at all, and in their stead fine deciduous and evergreen shrubs will lend a charm to the smallest enclosure, having themselves ample room, without overshadowing the house, and giving a mean, contracted look to the grounds.

but turn brown and dingy when we most want them bright. The flower-garden in its perfection is of course unattainable without great care and expense; but five dollars a year, judiciously laid out in seeds and bulbs, will, from one tiny plat, yield, from the first crocus to the last chrysanthemum, a perpetual joy.

Be careful of hedges, ye who plant them, and beware ever of the three-thorned acacia. It is the most detestable of all hedge-plants, and has so thoroughly borne out its original depravity of nature as to be banished now from all respectable Edens. As a tree this seducer covers his iniquities by a cloak of such exquisite and delicate foliage, that those who hate him most, as we do, are forced to confess that he "ruffles it bravely." But he only dons it in the last spring days, when he bursts into sudden splendor, to drop it again, alas! at the first whispering of autumn winds. As a hedge-plant it is in every way abominable,—thin at the bottom, where it ought to be thick, wounding every hand that attempts to trim it, and, in short, fit for nothing but to be hewn down and cast into the fire. For a Northern climate we think an evergreen hedge is always preferable. The Norway spruce, for example, is perfectly hardy, a dense and rapid grower, forming an impenetrable guard when closely trimmed, and very beautiful covered with its young spring shoots.* But of all hedges, commend us to the hemlock. Whether as a tree or a shrub, left to wave its delicate, graceful branches in full luxuriance, or closely clipped, we scarcely know of any plant, surely no evergreen, more to be prized. It takes any shape from the shears, becomes thicker and thicker by trimming, preserves its rich, cheerful hue through the longest winter, and in the spring presents a truly enchanting aspect, as its young tender leaflets of brightest tint fringe every spray, seeming literally translucent and floating, like the foam on the deep sea-green wave.†

* As a full-grown tree nothing is more graceful,—its lower boughs sweeping the turf and its spiry top still sending forth new shoots. We never see one of these lovely trees, richly decked with cones, without being reminded of the pagoda and its bells, the shape strangely assimilating to the nine-storied towers of China.

† One word of the golden arbor vitae, *Biota orientalis aurea*. This perfectly lovely shrub, never growing over three to four feet high, is dense and compact, the foliage much more delicate than that of the common order, of the brightest verdure during

Our long and severe Northern winters make evergreens very desirable, and to those who cannot afford conservatories we suggest a winter garden, which is very simply constructed by planting a variety of the finer evergreens together, in such a manner as to afford a variety of foliage at one view. The trees should be set around three sides of a square, the fourth left open towards the house, and the space enclosed, if large enough, broken by two or three of the finest standing single trees. So planted, the winter garden has a bright and cheerful look, giving the occupants of the house a pleasing scene when every deciduous tree is bare, and the ground deep buried in snow. But even where the finer and rarer sorts do not readily grow, a very interesting and beautiful collection can be formed by the white pine, the hemlock, the Norway spruce, the Austrian pine, the black and white spruces, and the arbor vitæ,—all of which are very cheap and abundant. Such a garden, even on a small and humble scale, may be made very successful and most consolatory in the winter.

Some persons object to evergreens because of their sameness, as they term it. Such persons have derived their wrong impressions from the unfortunate manner often practised of planting evergreens. A few feet of ground surrounding a neat house will be planted, for example, solely with common American black spruces; while the next-door neighbor, with no better taste, will dot his grounds all over with ordinary arbor vitæ, leaving them to grow untrimmed, except at the bottom, where they should never be pruned, for ten or twenty years, and then has only to exhibit a quantity of conical bushes stuck on the top of poles, precisely after the Nuremberg toy pattern, and about as useful and elegant. The truth is, that one may have, with perhaps no more space to spare, twenty or thirty evergreen trees, of as many types, distinguishable at a glance.

Before trees are set out, one should in the first place decide

the winter, and of a rich intermingled gold and green in summer. In some latitudes it will require protection from the extreme cold, but we should in such cases prefer to have it planted in a large tub sunk in the ground until December, and then bring it into the house, where it would make a charming feature during the inclement season.

precisely what he wants, the number of plants his space will hold when they are fully grown, and the positions they should occupy, with a full understanding of how they are to appear from different points of view. These considerations require time and study, but the delay will be amply remunerative when we see the results. Too often, even the holes are not dug for the trees when they arrive from the nursery. They are then hurriedly made, and the plants thrust into them without any thought as to their harmony, their effect, or their mature development. It often chances that the spots thus chosen are the worst that could be selected, because they are either too close together, so that, when the trees are grown, they will shut out the view and injure each other, or they are placed too near a road or house, so that, in a few years, their lower branches will have to be cut away, thus ruining their symmetry. We have constant cause to mourn over the mutilation of white pines and Norway spruces, which otherwise would be magnificent, but shorn of half their glory by being set originally so near a house that the limbs on one side have no space until they reach above the roof. The planting of stakes on Mr. Sargent's plan will entirely obviate these deformities, as of course no one who resorts to them will ever place a large growing tree close to a building or roadway. When you have decided on the number of trees to a given space, put down in the autumn an equal number of tall poles, and around these set shorter stakes, at the distance from the centre one which the lower branches of the tree will reach when fully grown. By so doing, keeping the stakes down all winter, studying from every point of view the grouping of the proposed plantings, and making such moves as may seem fit, when the spring arrives holes may be dug without fear of further change, and the trees inserted will at once give to the grounds an elegant and finished appearance.

Another of Mr. Sargent's judicious counsels is the forming of pits for wintering plants too tender for our icy seasons, yet not requiring the expensive apparatus of a green-house. The absurdity of the green-house system, as we often find it, is very marked. Numbers of persons have conservatories at their country-seats, who never see them in the winter, and being

too remote to have their flowers sent to them, they bloom only for the gardener and his friends. Not so with the English, who live in their rural homes in winter and go to town in the summer.

"We think," says Mr. Sargent, "there are few scenes in an ornamental garden or pleasure-ground of greater interest than a collection of trees and shrubs, natives of foreign climes, which, though they would be destroyed if exposed in the winter, yet when planted (turned out) or sunk in the ground during the summer, exhibit a degree of beauty and luxuriance which they never do or could attain in a green-house or conservatory; and which require in the winter simply the protection of a cool green-house, or in most cases of a cold pit sufficiently deep and protected to exclude the frost, and with facilities for occasionally admitting air for ventilation. A pit of this description, well drained and dry, and twelve to fifteen feet deep, might accommodate plants ten or twelve feet high, which, when planted out in the pleasure-grounds during the summer, the tub or pots being sunk out of sight in the soil, would produce the most extraordinary and charming effects."

Mr. Sargent has thus changed a part of his grounds "from an American to a tropical and Oriental landscape."

Rapid as has been the increase of wealth in America within the last twenty years, and the corresponding growth of rural and botanical taste, it is still impossible even for the very wealthiest men to form complete collections of plants flourishing *au naturel*. We hope before many years, however, to see associations formed, which, near all our great cities, shall establish botanic gardens on an extensive scale, after the manner of the famous one at Kew. This can only be done by a very large number of subscribers, for the general government can do nothing except at Washington; but we sincerely believe that such gardens can be made so attractive as to be sustained by a small annual tax and a light admission fee from the public. The Botanic Garden at Cambridge, from limited funds, is not worthy of the name; but we shall no doubt in the course of a few years behold much more successful results in Boston, connected with the improvement of the Back Bay lands. As yet, however, the New York Central Park, although not partaking of the strictly scientific character of Kew Gardens, is the only really noble public pleasure-ground in the United States, and,

if fully carried out according to the present plan, in keeping with that portion of it already completed, and intact from the busy fingers of rascally jobbers and municipal pickers and stealers, it will have scarce a rival in Europe.

This Park forms a parallelogram two and a half miles long and half a mile wide. Its original condition was about as unpromising as could well be, — partly occupied by the most wretched hovels, and otherwise, excepting the Croton reservoir, serving as a depository for the ashes and garbage of the city. The site of the Park was determined some years ago, but the actual purchase was not completed until near the end of 1857. The plans of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux, who, in spite of adverse counsel, persevered in their ideal of a park which should in every respect be worthy of the mighty city of New York, were at once accepted over those of all other competitors, and from two to three thousand men were then set to work to carry out the designs. The greatest apparent difficulties in the way of the contractors have been turned by them to good account, the rock-blasting giving a peculiar wild and barren aspect to some portions of the ground. These have been planted with every variety of hardy evergreens which stand unprotected in the New York climate, while a number of winding and intersecting paths among the rocks and plantations form a labyrinthine stroll, aptly styled "The Ramble." Carriage and bridle roads have already been formed, not only the very best in structure, but presenting enchanting views on each hand. The grounds are diversified by sheets of water,—used, to the joy of thousands, for skating-ponds in the winter,—by expanses of lawn, and by collections of all American trees and shrubs which flourish in the open air. A large space is set apart for a play-ground, another for military parades, and a long, straight, formal "Promenade," between double rows of elms, ending in a water-terrace, will remind one of the stately vistas of Versailles. Collections of choice trees, flower-gardens, and brilliant shrubberies will offer to the botanical student rare opportunities of knowledge. The numerous streets, from 59th to 110th, will not cross the Park, but traffic will pass through four transverse roads, in part tunnelled, lying under the park

surface, and, where necessarily left open, planted entirely out of view. No brief description can convey an adequate idea of this great work. It is sufficient to say that enormous sums have already been spent upon it, and that the estimated cost of finishing it is at least twenty millions of dollars.

While thus noting the progress of public pleasure-grounds, we are not less delighted to find a new feature in private possessions, enabling each builder to have free use of very extensive plantations without heavy expense. At Orange, New Jersey, Llewellyn Park has been formed by an association of gentlemen, each one having a house and private grounds within it. About three hundred and fifty acres were selected and enclosed, having views of New York and its bay, the Hudson highlands, and the New Jersey country. The park proper is most beautifully embellished with plantations, ornamental water and cascades, carriage drives of five miles' extent, and numerous walks. "Around the central tract, especially termed 'The Park,' the remainder of the property is divided into about fifty villa sites of from three to ten acres each, the proprietors of which have a joint interest in, and common access to, the Park, possessing, however, the sole and unrestricted right to the lot which each may have selected. The fund for the purchase and embellishment of the Park is derived from an assessment on the surrounding sites of one hundred dollars per acre; and for the maintenance of the Park and future improvements, an annual assessment is made by the proprietors, not to exceed ten dollars per acre." This plan, perfectly successful, we shall doubtless see followed in other parts of the country, and, indeed, several of the kind are already springing into existence about New York.

In closing this article, we would urge upon every one to cultivate a taste and love for refined country life. The great places, of which many are noticed in Mr. Sargent's appendix, are exclusively for the rich; but, as we have shown, abundant delight for mind and eye is fully within the reach of all. The charms of rural life are among the purest and most lasting pleasures which gladden the human heart. Let one fully enter into the spirit of nature, although restricted to the smallest limits, and he will at once feel within him the truth and nobleness of Milton's immortal verse:—

“ I am the Power.
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors' chill ;
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross, dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground ;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.”

ART. III.—OLD FAITH AND NEW KNOWLEDGE.

Recent Inquiries in Theology, by English Churchmen. Edited, with an Introduction, by REV. F. H. HEDGE, D. D. Being “ Essays and Reviews ” recently published in England. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860.

AN impressive and on the whole edifying portion of the liturgical service of the Episcopal Church is that of the rehearsal of the Ten Commandments as a part of the ante-communion service at the altar. Certainly, if any selection from the old Hebrew Scriptures might appropriately be taken, word for word, as it stands, without any allowance for abatement or accommodation in its transfer, and be used as of unimpaired authority for Christians in the solemnities of their worship, it must be the Decalogue. Those solemn edicts of the Heavenly Lawgiver seem to retain, in their depths and resonance, the sanctity which faith has associated with them; and when we hear them, it is as if they had been echoing grandly in the holier spaces of the air ever since they were first given to it in smoke and flame from the rocky heights of the Mount of God.

How grand is the concise brevity of those three of the ten which express so positively what they forbid as if nothing but a *No*, without reason or explanation given, were all that is to be said about the greater sins of man against man! “Thou shalt do no murder.” “Thou shalt not commit adultery.” “Thou shalt not steal.” Five words are enough for two, and four words are enough for the other, of these great laws of Jehovah. They are shorter yet as they stand in the Hebrew original; for two words, one of them in each case of but two letters, serve to express each of these three commandments. The other commandments are slightly, with a single exception, lengthened in statement, only for the sake of enforcing them by a reason, or defining their compass. How wide is the sweep, how exhaustive the range, how sublime the dignity, how self-ratifying the authority of that Divine code! It would seem as if in the services of all Christian sanctuaries there should be a place for its repetition, and that that place was fittingly midway in the order of the temple rites. No objection is to be urged against the pause between the distinct reading by the minister of each of the commandments, nor against the responsive petition sent up during each pause by the petitioners, or chanted in a subdued symphony by the choir,—“Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.”

But we are coming, through this introduction, to something that troubles us,—at least to the extent of sensibly impairing our sympathy with this part of the liturgical service. And what we are now to say will be of itself but introductory, as a specimen and illustrative matter, of the transcendently serious and comprehensive subject with which we have afterwards to deal.

This solemn rehearsal of the Ten Commandments is made on the Lord’s Day, as a part of the exercises of public worship, for the disciples of Christ. One of those commandments is regarded and is used as defining the authority and purpose of the holy day which it thus helps to make and keep holy. The commandment, as given in the Prayer-Book, substantially as in Exodus xx. 8–11, is as follows:—

“Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six

days shalt thou labor and do all that thou hast to do : but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it."

Some embarrassing questions — which, however serious they are in themselves, or may be made to be in the treatment of them, are comparatively trivial in view of the paramount question to which we are coming — present themselves as we study the meaning and contemplate the use made of this commandment. It is taken as the basis of the Divine institution of the weekly Sabbath. Though nothing is said or implied about the holding of assemblies for public worship, and for religious instruction on that day, the commandment is regarded as constructively or impliedly covering such a use, or at least as eminently and consistently in harmony with such a use. The day is to be made holy and kept holy ; and what is better and surer for that end, than rest during a portion of the day at home, and frequenting, during another portion of it, the temple of worship and edification ? But embarrassment for some literalists, for many cavillers, and for a few of scrupulous consciences, is found in such questions as these : — By what authority was the Lord's day substituted for the old Jewish Sabbath ? or, with more emphasis and earnestness, How is it that Christians, even of the rigid sort, content themselves with keeping only one part of the commandment ? What right have they so quietly and graciously to take for granted that the injunction for the absolute cessation of all household cares, and for the entire abstinence from all manner of work by cook, and groom, and coachman, and horses, has become obsolete ? What right have they thus fearlessly to strike out the prohibition from the commandment, and thus to impair, by a will-worship and preference and carnal indulgence of their own inclinations, the whole integrity and authority of the statute ? These questions, however, and others like them, are disposed of with great facility and with tolerable satisfaction ; and they

are as but straws for lightness in comparison with the grave issue we are now to open,—and to open, as we must again intimate, not so much for its own single contents, as for its specimen and illustrative character.

The reader, whether he has anticipated our intent or not, cannot have failed to have noted, with some arrest of attention, however familiar the experience may have become to him, that the obligation for keeping holy the Sabbath day is grounded upon *a Reason*,—a cause *why*. This reason is of no dubious or vague character. It is as explicit, distinct, positive, and intelligible as language can convey. It is also a reason which, if it shall stand as a reason and carry with it the force of the authority to which it appeals, cannot for a moment be questioned or debated, so august, so overwhelming is the purport of it. The commandment bids us keep holy the seventh day, after we have worked during six days, *because God himself did the same*. He worked six days,—six successive periods of time, measured by us in twenty-four hours each. In these six days he “made HEAVEN, and EARTH, the SEA, and everything that is in heaven, earth, and sea;” and when the Almighty Worker—not necessarily fatigued, but having completed his own design—had thus occupied six days, he rested on the seventh day: and because he did rest on that seventh day, he blessed it as a Sabbath day, and hallowed it. The commandment exceeds its own due province of simply making an injunction. The Divine Lawgiver might command, without condescending to argue. It is for him to choose whether he shall connect a reason with any one of his injunctions, telling us not only to keep it, but also *why* we are to keep it. If he does thus base a commandment upon a reason for his giving it, and upon a reason for our obeying it, he seems to proffer to us the invitation put into his lips by the prophet Isaiah: “Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord.” If our nurture or our educated conviction persuades us to read the Bible with an humble, reverent docility, we are under equal obligation to regard and treat Bible reasoning as reasoning, that we are to regard Bible commandments as commandments. It would be but a poor sort of reverence to render as tribute to God, while acknowledging his conde-

scension in deigning to reason with us, to leave it to be inferred that he would offer us any but good reasons. The command of the Sabbath is then enforced by a reason for our hallowing it. That reason is God's own example in resting on a seventh day, after he had given six days to the making of the heaven, earth, and sea, and all their contents. This reason is not offered as one of many reasons. It stands alone. Not a word is said or implied of grounds for keeping the Sabbath growing out of its possible or actual uses,—out of its infinite resources and capabilities of blessing for men. There are most earnest, and devoted, and every way estimable advocates of the Sabbath, pleading for its consecration, and proving to a demonstration that we need it,—ought to keep it,—and will be blessed by it as by nothing else. But not one of these advocates, either in his most prosaic argument or in his most lofty rhetoric, ever gives for the observance *the reason*, and *the only reason*, which God is represented as giving for it.

It might be assumed that a reason assigned by God himself for commanding men in reference to any defined course of action would be the paramount reason with men,—that it would always be attached to the commandment, always repeated with it, and always uppermost in the reverence and in the arguments of those who, as pleaders for God, stand up to announce his will to men. Why is it, then, that the champions of Sabbatical observance, so far from relying wholly or mainly on the reason assigned in the commandment for its injunction, sink that reason wholly out of view, and offer quite other grounds for the institution? Excellent and forcible grounds they may be, but still, it must be confessed, far below that assigned in the Decalogue. For in the promulgation of a commandment requiring, as an element of a universal religion for all time, that all races, generations, and nations of men should consecrate a weekly Sabbath,—the example of God himself—the Divine precedent—would seem to be the ground of appeal most likely to be of force under all circumstances. It is observable that those who arranged the office of the Commandments, instead of copying the Decalogue as it is given in Exodus, might have availed themselves of the form under which it is given in Deuteronomy. In that book we have a

revised and condensed edition of the Jewish Law. The Commandment of the Sabbath makes no reference whatever to the reason for its observance assigned in Exodus. Another reason is here given, viz. the Jews are bid to remember their bondage in Egypt, out of which their God delivered them; and it is added, "therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." (Deut. v. 15.) The reason here assigned for the observance of the Sabbath is one which would have peculiar, if not exclusive, authority for Jews, and might be thought to have no weight as an appeal with other nations. Probably it was on this account that the code in Exodus was preferred for adoption into the Liturgy, where the command for a Sabbath among all people, for all time, is enforced by a Divine example, rather than by an act of partiality in favor of one people. The commandment as given in Exodus is also strictly and literally conformed to the narrative of the Creation in Genesis, where each of the six days' works of the Deity is distributed in details, and the seventh day furnishes to him a day of rest, a Divine Sabbath.

The fact, then, with which we have to deal, in view of a purpose the statement of which we still defer for a moment longer, is this: that in tens of thousands of Christian temples in the most enlightened regions of the earth, Sunday by Sunday, a renewed consecration is sought for the holy day by the reading reverently and solemnly of a commandment enjoining the day on the sole ground of a Divine example. "Another six days' work" has been done. "Another Sabbath is begun." Not as lip service, not in the mockery of a merely formal worship, but with chastened sentiments, and with responsive hearts, in glad and earnest devotion, are those who gather around a Christian altar supposed to offer their homage in spirit and in truth to him who is a Spirit. Out of a book whose contents are held to be supernaturally communicated to us, and to be in themselves infallible, and therefore of supreme authority, is read a code of Divine statutes which in the main may challenge the wit and wisdom of the world as worthy of the Source to which it is assigned, and of the purpose for which it is used. Not second in dignity, fitness, or practical value to either of the whole ten is that one commandment

which enjoins a weekly Sabbath. And if the reason assigned for that observance will hold, it must be allowed to stand as the most cogent and sublime of all possible reasons. But will that reason stand? Is it indeed a reason in the sense of being based where it bases itself, in positive, literal fact?

In "the Ages of Faith," so called, on many a fair and many a cloudy and tempestuous Sabbath that commandment was read in Christian temples, with their throngs of worshippers, and not a single misgiving crossed the thoughts or checked the devout feeling of those who with all their hearts responded to the Divine statute. It may be that the paintings around the church walls, or the pictures in their Bibles and Prayer-Books, presented to them the works of God as distributed among the first six days of creation, as we see them now in the colors of Raphael, displayed in the Loggie of the Vatican. But the pigments of the painter, though we talk of their fading, have outlasted the faith which they sought to embody. We may mourn over the decay of that yielding confidence, that easy trust, severed as it was from all curious zeal for knowledge, and allied as it was to poor superstitions, which we assign to the past ages of faith. But it has gone,—gone forever from the temples and the lands where it has consecrated for us so many traditions of piety. How is it now when the commandment enjoining the Sabbath, *with the reason* for it, is read in the same temples and in the same lands? The great issue which we have had in view now confronts us directly.

Scriptural religion, as traditionally interpreted, and as reluctant to yield an iota of its old assumptions and creeds, tells us that God commands us to keep a weekly Sabbath, to work six days and rest on the seventh. So far the command, simply as a command, unexplained, unenforced, might raise no question, but would challenge rightly the reverential obedience of all men. It is worthy of all acceptance,—wise, merciful, and benedictive. It would be impossible for the wisest man that lives to indicate any reason against that injunction, or any good reason for doubting that God, in a way and by means of his own, actually made it and revealed it, and holds it in full force to this day. But what shall we say of the *sanction* on which the commandment is based. The same Scriptural re-

ligion bids us accept that sanction also. It is committed to a literal reassertion and vindication of the reason assigned for our observance of a day of sacred rest after six days of work ; viz. that the Creator did the same. Scriptural religion, traditionally taught, is therefore held to demand the belief that the narrative of creation in Genesis, being a part of a supernaturally revealed and infallible record, is of supreme authority on this point, which concerns a matter of fact. If the fact is invalidated, either the authority of the record is impaired, or we err in our mode of reading and interpreting it. Before deciding whether we shall yield up the traditional authority assigned to the record, or allow that we err in interpreting it, we have first of all to certify ourselves as far as possible concerning the matter of fact. Now let it be observed, that the question is not whether God *could* have created heaven, earth, and sea, and all their contents in six successive periods of twenty-four hours, but whether he really *did* so ? As an effort of faith we should find no difficulty whatever in admitting that God might have done according to the letter of the Scripture. But when reasons are given they appeal to reason. So intensely anxious is the longing of the human heart to find positive assurances for its religious faith, that it seizes upon all external props and demonstrations that will give it strength. So if we can put a Scripture assertion to the test, we feel moved and at liberty to do so. We not only admit that God might have wrought the work ascribed to him, and in the way and in the time defined for it, but also that the phenomena, as presented to human observation, might or might not have left evidence and tokens of the method of creation, according to the pleasure of the Creator. But certain phenomena, open to our observation, do present themselves as tests of the Scripture assertion. We exercise the powers which God has given us, and we use them as he has bidden us use them, in the study of his works. Faith is our tribute to him within the sphere of faith ; observation, reason, and science are the helps by which we investigate all the phenomena which he submits to our senses and to our minds. We ask then of the phenomena open to our search, *Did* God create heaven, earth, and sea, and their contents, in six successive periods of twenty-fours ? The popularly

accepted view of Bible doctrine asserts that he did. Science affirms that he did not, and boldly adduces the phenomena which are open to our observation, and which are as legible and as demonstrative as any record or evidence could be, that its affirmation must stand,—whatever becomes of the authority of Scripture or of the old faith. Whether the phenomena concerning which science utters such a positive opinion in denial of Scripture are unerring and decisive, is a question which we do not discuss. With scientific authorities the point is settled, and we take it as a *dictum* of science.

It may seem to our readers that we have begun a long way off from the object we have in view, and that we have taken much time and space for dealing with a single topic which is merely incidental to the whole large subject that is really to engage us. But our method must explain and vindicate itself. We have been studying with care a volume whose contents we shall soon analyze, which comes to us as a joint contribution of the scholarship and the piety of seven members of the Church of England, most of them eminent divines and prominent leaders of the thought and advanced science of the age. They have all written within the communion and in the service of that Church, one of whose liturgical services we have brought under notice. Every one of the seven Essays before us from their pens touches more or less directly upon the test point which we have chosen as an index or specimen element of the whole subjects of Bible doctrine, Bible authority, and Bible interpretation, as those subjects now stand in the light of our day. But what we have to say about the views of those essayists will be most intelligible if we return again to the matter of the Sabbath commandment, with *the reason* attached to the injunction.

Let us remember that that commandment, solemnly read in ten thousands of Christian churches on the day which it is regarded as divinely consecrating for worship and piety, gives, in hearing of all, a reason for the observance of the day which is a reason of a most positive and august character, if it be a *fact*. The worshippers embrace all ages and classes of men, women and children, statesmen, philosophers, artisans, husbandmen, and traders,—the employed and the unemployed,

the intelligent and the untaught, the devout and the sceptical. At the recent meeting at Oxford of the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a large body of *savans* attended the Sunday services in the University church, where this commandment, with the reason assigned, was read, and the reading of which was followed by a sermon whose tenor was in harmony with the contents of the volume before us, as the preacher of it, Mr. Stanley, the biographer of Arnold, is in sympathy with the substance of the views advanced by its authors. Now how stands the issue between that Scriptural account of the creation of all things in six days, when compared with the secular knowledge and science within the reach of those who listen to the reading of the Sabbath commandment? The school-books of the children, who listen to the Decalogue in their Sunday worship, give them quite another account of the creation of all things. They are taken into Museums where they see and may handle objects which they are told demonstrate a wholly different method and history of the Divine work, on this globe at least. Their teachers point them to bright stars shining in the sky, and tell them that, though light travels with such an amazing speed, some of those stars are so distant that a great many more thousands of years than are recognized in the Bible chronology must have elapsed in giving time for their rays to reach our eyes. If those people wish to study the mysteries of language, and to verify the theory that all diverse tongues are to be traced to a once common speech; or another theory,—that there was an original unity and one centre of radiation for all the different races of men,—they are told that they must have at least twenty thousand years, instead of the six thousand which the Bible gives them, for working out the known results from the alleged beginnings. In the mean while the *savans*, who make these books for the young, and who develop scientific theories from the signs of heaven, and the metals, the organisms, and the elements of the earth, feel that they are pursuing legitimate paths of inquiry. They may be warned that they are dealing daringly and irreverently with matters of an unspeakably momentous interest and solemnity. But they insist that they are exercising faculties which God has given them on

materials fitted to engage their best powers, and that they reach conclusions of a most positive and unerring character.

The distinct point on which we have dwelt, perhaps at too great length, is peculiarly adapted for setting before us in all its broadest relations and in its fullest scope, the issue which is now fairly before the enlightened communities of Christendom,—the issue between the traditional belief identified with the Bible, and the assured results of secular knowledge and science. We might have chosen many other specific points in which the same issue would present itself as forcibly. We might proceed to a formidable, if not an exhaustive, multiplication of the subjects which illustrate the bearings of that issue. But we rest for the present with the one point already set forth. Here we have the sacred volume which is the basis of the faith of Christendom, and to which is assigned a character of complete and infallible authority, as conveying to us, through a supernatural instrumentality, the truth of God,—enjoining the observance through all ages of a weekly holy day, and giving as *the* reason for such an observance a distinct and positive statement, which all the knowledge and skill of man's highest faculties discredits as either a misinterpretation or as a pure fiction.

It is at this point, as well as at any other in the now extended series of palpable instances in which the issue might be recognized, that we may observe precisely how and why a traditional Scriptural faith is brought into jeopardy by the positive knowledge as well as by the scientific theories of our own time. The assertions, arguments, inferences, and contested matters on either side of this great issue, are all likely to be called out and put to trial in the full discussion of a single point like that before us, as effectively and thoroughly as if we were to base a discussion upon a full array of all the matters in which the accepted or supposed teachings of Scripture are discredited by the intelligence or the science of our time.

The readers of this journal need not to be informed of the general issue which the advance of a free and earnest spirit of inquiry in matters of sacred and of secular interest has opened between a traditional Scripture faith and science.

They hardly need such information as regards the single specific points which enter into that issue. We have been surprised, in glancing over the contents of the long series of volumes which have extended this journal through nearly half a century, to notice how largely its pages have been devoted to a thorough discussion of themes all bearing upon that issue. It is not as a boast, but as the statement of a simple fact, that we affirm that in these pages, beginning with certain "Notes on the Bible," in its earliest volumes, some scholarly views were presented which have anticipated alike the recognition and the proposed solution of difficulties that are coming to us now, as if invested with the charm of novelty and surprise, from some of the foremost divines of Oxford.

This fact, however, shall not abate our tribute of respect for the candor, the spirit of independence, and the real power of statement and argument which these Oxford writers have manifested in their Essays. They are most severely censured in those journals of their own Church which are pledged to resist the advance of all liberal and just views of Christian theology, because they are traitors to the cause from which they derive their station, honors, and emoluments. How far their noble loyalty to truth — perhaps as unwelcome in its constraint upon them as in its disclosure to others — offsets their treachery to an establishment which is after all but a Parliamentary appropriation of the common rights of all Christians and of a free gospel, is a question which we will not discuss. We may at once inform our readers, that in these seven Essays they will find bold and earnest writing, profound scholarship, and a large and generous culture, brought to bear, in a spirit of reverence, upon the discussion of nearly every point involved in the antagonism between the old faith and the new knowledge of Christendom. In attempting to report the method and contents of the book to our readers, we think it our best course to make some general preliminary statements, all bearing directly upon the momentous issue, with the principal relations of which it engages with conspicuous ability.

The first thing which we need is an intelligent and passionless view of the alleged antagonism between old faith and new

knowledge. We must be willing to face the facts in the case, however painful or unwelcome they may be, without being intimidated by them, and without yielding to a weak impulse to devise any other than a perfectly honest and effective way of dealing with them. We must not deprecate superstitiously or fondly the proffered help of any honest thinker who professes to enlighten us about the prepossessions or prejudices which we regard as vital elements of our faith. We must not resist the freest statement and the widest publication of opinions or theories which imperil the common belief or its foundations, by enlisting against their authors a religious odium or a social or ecclesiastical opposition. We may guard as watchfully as we please against the conceits, the pretensions, the arrogance, and the sophistry, which to a humiliating degree have often exposed to contempt the overweening eagerness of men of science, philosophers, critics, and reformers to discredit the religion of their age. But we must remember, that, if we have not the means for distinguishing truth from error in matters of the highest interest to us, we certainly can have no confidence that what we believe is the truth.

The faith of Christendom is identified with the contents of the Bible. The grounds and elements of that faith always have been, and always will be, modified,—by the opinions or views associated with that Bible,—by the religious convictions which are entertained because they are derived from its pages, or are held independently of them and on other grounds, or in opposition to what is found there. The popular or prevailing faith which is associated with the Bible, with the book itself, and with its authority and its contents, and the opinions or doctrines derived from it, are, in part, accepted through force of claims and assertions advanced in its own pages, and in part through force of education, tradition, and direct teaching accumulating their influences for each individual from his childhood and working themselves into organic institutions and elaborate systems, which, as churches or creeds, exercise a mighty though an undefined power over large companies of men and women. It would be impossible to set up any common decision upon the question as to what part of the accepted faith of our own time, as-

sociated with the Bible, is drawn from and warranted by the claims and teachings of the Bible itself, and what part is to be referred to claims asserted for the Bible by human theories about its source, authority, and contents. It is our own strong conviction, formed after no little acquaintance with the various bearings of this question, that an overwhelming majority of all the controversies and perplexities raised about the Bible and its contents, and about Bible religion, and about the authority and value of the book and the system of truth or doctrine to be drawn from it, spring from the theories, the superstitions, or the errors which tradition, and priestcraft, and all sorts of human fancies, have connected with the Bible: while the book itself is to be discharged of all but the comparatively small residuum of responsibility in this matter. Indeed, we present to ourselves the portions of this responsibility to be borne by the Bible itself, and by the way in which men have dealt with it, as pretty fairly represented by a comparison of the bulk of the book, and the bulk of the commentaries and expositions of it. Intelligent and just views of the claims and contents of that one book, of its spirit, purpose, and practical uses, will, we are persuaded, be found to be the most rewarding and the most effective means which can be put to service in all the open controversies connected with it. But in whatever proportions the faith associated with the Bible attaches to it because of its own direct claims and contents, or because of the traditions and opinions about it, with which it is now offered to its readers, it is very easy to state what that faith assumes or accepts in its popular form,—the form in which, in our time, it is brought into direct collision with known facts and scientific theories. That faith is, that the Bible now in our hands is “the Word of God;” that all its contents were supernaturally communicated to writers who were under the direct Divine guidance in recording them, and that the whole record — making a slight allowance for flaws in transcription and translation — is infallible; that the book is designed and adapted to be used as it has been and is now used by those who so believe concerning it; that whatever it contains relating to men or God, to things on earth or things in heaven, to history, science, or doctrine, to time

past, present, or to come, is absolutely conformed to positive truth; that it is a special and gracious addition to all the sources and materials of wisdom, faith, and piety for men; and that, in order that it may serve that high purpose, its obvious meaning, its plain letter of statement and doctrine, must always be the right one, so that the simple and the unlearned may be on a level with the wisest in this respect;—and finally, it is held that there is a unity, a consistency, and a homogeneity in all the contents of the Bible, which distribute the qualities of the whole among each of its parts, and warn us that, if we allow there is an error or a mistake in any portion of its contents, we subject the whole to the risk of being surrendered as without value.

The Roman communion, avowing substantially this view of the Bible, supplements it, by asserting that the Church is the conservator and the interpreter of the book. The Protestant theory, while accepting this view of the Bible, and indeed stoutly affirming it, claims for all who can read it the right of interpreting it. Millions, reared within the Protestant fold, have taken up the Bible with the awe and trust which such a view of it must inspire, and they have interpreted it. What are the consequences?

“There can be no error in the Word of God!” is the stout affirmation of the champion of the popular faith. “But there are errors in this book, manifest and demonstrable errors of various sorts, about various matters, and some of them of very serious bearings,” is the reply, not of the captious caviller, not of the literalist, not of the ignorant or the irreverent merely, but of the honest, devout, and docile seeker after truth. To go back to our starting-point, the Bible bases a commandment that each seventh day of man’s life on earth should be hallowed, on the Divine example in resting on the first seventh day in time after he had filled six days by creating everything that exists, as heaven, earth, and sea, and their contents. If men could find positive evidence that what is described in the Book of Genesis as having transpired on such a stupendous theatre some six thousand years ago; or if, supposing that positive evidence impossible, no tokens *as* positive which are utterly inconsistent with the statement were obvious

to men,—then we may safely affirm that there would be no need of a single champion for the observance of the Sabbath, other than the ministers in their pulpits throughout Christendom. But in the exercise of the powers which God has given to man, man proceeds to treat a reason assigned for a Divine injunction as a reason. He attempts to search out and follow the alleged works and method of creation. The result is, that unless he is to distrust utterly his mental powers and all the processes which they can bring to the study and the attestation of truth, he comes to conclusions which palpably falsify the narrative in Genesis. He discovers that the earth, sea, and heaven are incalculably more than six thousand years old, and that processes which are referred to intervals of time separated only by a rising and a setting sun, required and occupied epochs of unmeasured duration for their operation. Now it matters not at what point or concerning what subject among the whole contents of the Bible such an issue as this is raised. Especially if the whole volume has the unity and the homogeneity which the common view attributes to it, it is unimportant what portion of it is made to bear the burden of opening the antagonism with facts of secular knowledge and science. The issue is effectively opened, and the stern inquiry arises, How are we to meet it ?

Now we are ready to allow, that, if the popular estimate assigned by prevailing faith or superstition to the Bible—as a book all whose contents were supernaturally communicated and attested as infallible—could be certified to us by independent testimony, external to the assertions made in or for the book, then we should have to accuse nature and history, stars, rocks, and fossils, with deceiving us by false tokens; and we should repudiate them and turn implicitly to the Bible. “There can be no error in the Word of God.” But there may be error in man’s notions or assertions about what is the Word of God. We ask for internal or external evidence for a claim involving that; and we care not at all whether the evidence be internal or external, provided it be equal to its object. Mr. Mansel, another Oxford divine, who, in his Bampton Lectures on the Limits of Religious Thought, has committed himself to positions infinitely more threatening to

the interests of religious faith than is anything to be found in the "Rationalism" of the seven essayists, makes the following statement: "The legitimate object of a rational criticism of revealed religion is not to be found in the *contents* of that religion, but in its *evidences*."^{*} But what are we to do when all the *evidences* within our reach or use fail, to our own deep regret and dismay, to confirm, and do in fact deny, the *contents* of a book which we should rejoice to receive under its assigned character? If the narrative in Genesis, or any other portion of the Bible which is brought under dispute, can be confirmed to us by *external* testimony, then we will yield the right to all our modern apologists and champions of faith against knowledge to make use of all shifts and ingenuities, and of all adroit and casuistical suppositions, and of all intimidating warnings, to meet the perplexities of Scripture criticism, and to keep off rash inquirers. But the *external* testimony in the case before us,—monumental as it is in the earth's deep sepulchres, and radiant as it is in the orbs of heaven,—the external testimony is testimony against the *contents* of the written record.

A plea is put in here to silence the utterance of a judgment and to arrest further inquiry,—a plea which we cannot treat with the ridicule or levity or disdain with which it is often met in our day. The plea is urged in behalf of the simple, the weak, the confiding, the unlettered, and the superstitious, indeed; but it covers the mute and tender appeals of many of the most excellent and faithful disciples and servants of Christ. It pleads that we give over the skill and pride of our destructive criticism for the sake of the endeared and vital interests of faith. We are warned that we can destroy, but cannot create, a faith for men and women. We can undermine and dismantle, but cannot rear and beautify and consecrate, temples in which, like those of the ages that are passing, devout worshippers have gathered for many generations, edified and comforted by what they have heard within the holy walls, and successively giving their mortal dust to swell the sods around the foundations. The champions of the old faith in

* English edition, p. 234.

the Bible claim that, for the sake of the piety and virtue identified with its unimpaired authority, for the sake of the good which it has done and is doing, and for its inestimable value, as admitting no substitute, and because of the dependence of the credit of the whole on the integrity of each part, we ought to blink all difficulties, and exhaust the possibilities and suppositions of some reasonable and satisfactory explanation of them, before we yield a single point to destructive criticism. There certainly is force in this plea, and though, for reasons more urgent than its own, it cannot and ought not to prevail in what it demands, it may properly qualify and direct the ways in which the antagonism between old faith and new knowledge is to be wisely brought under public discussion. A man now-a-days ought not to be called disingenuous or hypocritical, who does not strike right and left at the idols of his Christian fellowship, or turn church-worshippers out into debating halls, or the woods, or the quarries, to learn God's truth and to reorganize society. It is a serious perplexity with a well-trained Christian man of our time, whose mind has been filled and expanded by the highest culture, with a full or partial enfranchisement from old prejudices, and with an outlook on the broad, fair, unfenced fields of truth,—it is more than a perplexity, it is a trial of all his sincerity and of all his wisdom,—to decide how much of what he himself believes, or doubts, or knows, he shall communicate to others, even to those who look to him for instruction. There is the risk of destructiveness ; the risk of shocking people ; the risk of communicating too much or not enough ; the risk of not giving something new and true in place of what you take away that is simply doubtful ; the risk of opening dismal conflicts in a mind which you cannot afterwards compose ; the risk of transferring your doubts without your resources. Yet these suggestions will at best reach only to the securing of discretion and judgment in the disclosure of unwelcome facts to the timid and the ill-informed. They will not justify the suppression of those facts, or any reliance upon falsehoods. There is one single word which is of itself both answer and rebuke to those who try to close their own eyes, and who wish to stifle the honest testimony of others, to the manifold evidence that

the popular Scriptural faith and the new knowledge of the time are in open antagonism on many important points. That word is Truth ! Let us not trifle with the truth on any subject ; let us not fear it nor hide it in any matter that concerns our religion. There are fond and credulous and superstitious believers by our sides. There are those who really value more the fables than the solid facts wrought in with their faith. And there are those the vitality of whose zeal lies rather in the bigotry of their creed than in the piety of their hearts. But for the sake of all these we must not be asked to concede that any new truth shall be refused recognition for its own and for its discoverer's sake. For the purpose of reducing matters of faith to a pap suited for the digestion of the weak, we must not deprive faith of its nutritive qualities for the robust. Even some of the rigid opponents of what is confusedly called "Rationalism" in religion are coming to realize that the steadily thickening and demonstrative ranks of the secularists and the sceptics and the unsettled in faith, demand some of that exclusive attention and sympathy which have been lavished upon "the elect," who are already in covenant.

To all that may be urged and proved about the necessity of modifying the old beliefs, of restating or correcting our dogmas, and of changing the foundations, or at least the formulas, of the popular faith, it is replied : "O, you will take away, but you will give us nothing in return ; you will leave us all adrift ; you will not provide us with any sure principles." The rejoinder of the critics must be, It is all as you say. We do all the destructive work of which you complain ; we cannot as yet certify a substitute creed to you. We have not yet settled the new principles to be applied and relied upon to the whole extent of the service which was thought to have been performed by the old principles. The blame is not ours. You have forced upon us the hard duty of exposing your errors in some very serious matters. These errors we found to be threatening disaster to all the more momentous interests of religion. Your alarm now is simply the penalty which you and your age have to pay because of the superstitions, or the easy credulity, or the blind faith, through which generations before your own identified great truths with poor falsehoods.

It is the Nemesis of faith which is now following you and trying you. We Biblical critics, students of secular knowledge and high science, are not to be blamed for the issue which we have to meet because of your belief and the grounds and contents of it. We will help you to find a way of reconciliation between us ; but you must not rail at us as if we were Anti-christ.

It is somewhat after that manner that scholars and men of science now have to remonstrate against the spleen or the severity of some of the champions of the old faith. The issue between the parties has come as naturally and as fairly from the advances of thought and inquiry in legitimate directions, as did the Copernican system in astronomy, or the Protestant Reformation. It forces itself upon the attention of men who are testing truth by experiment, or searching for it by the help of theory, in very many of the interests of human life. We meet the tokens of this great controversy in every direction. In the criticism and interpretation of the Bible, whether in the lecture-room or the pulpit ; in comparing one portion of the book with another, or the whole of it with other sacred books, or with ancient secular literature ; in deciphering Egyptian monuments ; in the levelling of Assyrian mounds ; in all the investigations of archæology and ethnology ; in discussions with metaphysicians and natural philosophers ; in debates with secularists and sceptics ; and in schemes for indoctrinating or converting the millions of non-Christian people,—we encounter one or another token of the undeniable fact, that our positive knowledge has dealt some damaging blows against our traditional Scriptural faith. It is absurd to assail with the weapons of bigotry those inquirers in various departments of science and criticism, who, in endeavoring to readjust the relations of faith and knowledge, must give free publication to the fact that they are now at strife. There is something worse even than cowardice in the way in which the newspapers and other journals devoted to the interests of the old orthodoxy in several sectarian communions, are in the habit of reporting to their readers and of treating scholarly essays like those before us, written by earnest and devout men. One of those journals compares this volume to a Colt's revolver, with its seven bar-

rels charged with deadly matter, designed for the destruction of the Christian faith. We have noticed for years that each successive essay or volume which advances "heresies" about Inspiration, or recognizes the necessity of readjusting the relations of knowledge and faith, if announced at all to the readers of these sectarian journals, will be introduced in some such terms as these: "The enemies of our holy religion have devised a new assault," &c.; or, "The foes of God and of God's Word have aimed another deadly blow," &c. And these gross and malignant utterances of bigotry will be followed by a wholly unfair representation of the aim or contents of the work before them, and by some utterly impotent suggestions designed to reassure what it brings into distrust. Very many men in high places, from whom we should expect better things, are in the habit of speaking of popularly accepted religious views—which scholars and critics are urged not to disturb because they are linked in with the sanctities and the institutions of faith—as if they had once been assured and embraced through evidences or tests wholly unlike those by which reason and inquiry are now searching them. But when we trace back the line of faith, we find that all that people now believe was taught or affirmed to them by those to whose place and office our modern scholars and philosophers are the legitimate successors. Yet the contrast presented to us in our time between the parties to the issue before us is a painful and humiliating one. On the one side, we have honest and earnest men, lovers of all truth, opening their eyes to errors in the traditions of the past, and in the formularies and beliefs founded upon them, and seeking to find for a high and godly faith worthy materials and a strong assurance. On the other side, we have timid, apologetic, and sometimes dishonest pleaders for error, shutting their eyes to unwelcome truths and endeavoring to attach obloquy to its students.

But the great antagonism between the traditions of faith and the practical and theoretical science of our age will not be blinked, and cannot be adjusted otherwise than by honest mediation. In the mean while, the position in which each one who is concerned in it, and especially each theologian and religious teacher, is to stand in view of the great issue, will

depend upon these two conditions, — the amount of his intelligence, and the amount of honesty and candor in his moral composition. How far have careful study, cautious inquiry, and thorough investigation made him acquainted with the actual amount and particulars of the controversy now waging between our certified knowledge and the traditional creeds of Christendom ? And secondly, What is the degree and ruggedness of his candor, courage, and independence, in being willing to face the facts in the case, and in setting himself to deal with them ? There are men, in places of religious responsibility, too, who really know nothing of these facts. There are ministers, pious, devoted, and most serviceable men, who perform their functions by the old standards, in “blissful ignorance” that they are antiquated and discredited. Such men are discharged from a hard and unwelcome, though a most urgent and praiseworthy task, and stand blameless through their ignorance. But there are also ways in which those who are not ignorant conceal from others what is known to themselves on these matters ; and there are ways of dodging, blinking, prevaricating, misrepresenting, and, in the end, of aggravating the mischief incident to the sum and the particulars of the controversy now open between knowledge and traditional belief. Those who avail themselves of these subterfuges have an account to settle with a severer tribunal than that of criticism.

In view of these suggestions, we recur again for one moment to the point which we have selected as a specimen illustration of the whole issue between a traditional faith about the Bible, and the positive advances of knowledge and science. In the tenth and last edition (1856) of Horne’s Introduction to the Scriptures, we find this positive statement : “ Geological investigations, it is now known, all prove the perfect harmony between Scripture and geology in reference to the history of creation.” We take for granted that our readers are acquainted with the various ingenious theories, sometimes skilful, oftener tortuous, hard, and even ludicrous in their shifts and fancies, which have been proposed for giving plausibility to what is thus said to be *known* and *proved*, — that the narrative of the creation in Genesis is in “perfect harmony”

with geological science. The assertion might as well have covered astronomical science too. We also suppose that our readers have learned to value that Narrative for its high uses and for its great lessons, though they interpret it by quite other than the traditional or literal canons. Nor need we enter into the evidence, as admitted and emphasized by every competent scientific authority, that exactly the opposite of the assertion made in Horne's Introduction is the real truth of the case. The narrative in Genesis, if it be taken literally, as it is written, is discredited alike by geology and astronomy. As has been already said, we give to children books, and take them to museums and lectures, and show them fossil remains and scientific experiments, which inform them that the tokens of the Divine work above them and around them disclose quite another method, and quite another lapse of ages and eras, than those their Bibles recognize. Still, for hundreds of thousands of these children and their elders, a commandment whose authority draws them to the observance of the most solemn act of religion is based upon and is vitally associated with a fictitious representation of God himself, and of his work. We need hardly put in here the reminder, that we are not laying the whole or the chief stress of our argument upon the single specification of the narrative in Genesis, as brought into question by geological and astronomical science. We are using the specification as a specimen illustration of quite a large number of particulars in which secular science assails alike the contents and the foundations of our traditional Scriptural faith. Our sole object is to deal with the subject in its general and broadest relations. We are not concerned to marshal all its details as it involves such points as the age of the world, the unity of the race, the flood, the origin of diverse tongues, the longevity of the patriarchs, the authorship of the Pentateuch, the nature of prophecy, the discrepancies between Kings and Chronicles, the phenomena presented by a comparison of the four Gospels, theories of inspiration, and the harmony or discord between secular and sacred records. The narrative of the creation, as given on the first page of the Bible, when submitted to the tests of demonstrative science, may very properly serve the representative use to which we

have put it. And now we have to justify the labors of honest and competent critics and scholars, who insist that the issue raised between them and the champions of a traditional faith shall be fairly met. We may say what we will about the overweening confidence, the boasting, the self-conceit, and the irreverence of some critics and scholars, in their assaults upon the Bible, revelation, and religion. Occasion has been given often, and by many writers, for just and severe rebukes on this score. But the protests and avowals of men who hold in general the views advanced in the seven Essays before us, are fair and reasonable. Such men urge the following remonstrance upon the teachers and champions of the traditional religion:— You are mischievously confounding what you wish to stand as holy and revered things with proved falsehoods and fictions. You are intrusting faith to the guardianship of superstition. You are making legends and traditions from the long past, and from which all life and power, save that of poetry and rhetoric, have departed, to serve the use of living truth. Your doctrines of the entire infallibility and the supernatural sanctions of all that is read in the Bible are no longer defensible, and every lesson or statement which you draw from those assumptions, or intrust to them, will fail of credit with the generation now growing up, even in our churches. We warn you against the perilous and dismal consequences of the foolhardy course you are pursuing. With the zeal of those who have at stake with you common interests and hopes of the most sacred character, we will work heartily for the reassurance of faith. We know how precious beyond all human estimate are the sanctities of a well-grounded and well-attested belief in things spiritual and divine; but we cannot accept as foundations or materials of faith things which our eyesight and our knowledge and our common sense discredit. Let us see if we can re-adjust the relations of science and faith, remembering that the first condition is that we distinguish between truth and error.

This remonstrance hardly requires a word of justification. The reading of that Sabbath commandment with the reason assigned for its observance, and the conflict of mind and feeling which it must excite in multitudes of those who hear it, is by itself no unfair exponent of the general effect of the public

dispensation of religion in our time. The mixing up and the identifying of vital and essential truth with fancies and falsehoods in the pulpit, finds a fitting response in the pews even, to say nothing of the views of those outside the churches. We cannot disguise the fact, that the general effect of such ministrations of religion upon mixed companies of intelligent persons is to leave the impression of something dreamy and unreal. The heart and spirit, with their yearnings and longings, respond to every quickening lesson and appeal. There is a hunger and a thirst for the elements of holy truth. Even without the help of those tender constraints by which a pious education through the Bible in childhood will hold the heart to it for the whole of life, there are lessons in that book, and there is a power which goes with the utterance of them, such as even the most worldly and sceptical acknowledge that they cannot resist. But still the book, as a book, has lost a large measure of the sanctity and the authority which it had for our ancestors, and will never win back to it again the old literal faith. As we intimated some pages back, all that is lost to the Bible may admit of being deducted from the false human estimate and the adventitious and unwarranted claims set up for it,—while it may still stand, and stand forever, on the uninvalidated and simple claims which it advances for itself. But the distinction between what the Bible really is, and what traditional faith has taken and now represents it to be, has not yet been explained to its readers; and so the decline of confidence in regard to it is, apparently, an actual discrediting of the book itself. And the teaching dispensed from it is felt to be unreal, often visionary, sometimes positively false to the instincts and the intelligence of its hearers. This dreamy and unreal character which attaches to the ministration of religion now-a-days, appears to be remarkably but pretty exactly proportioned to the mechanical use made of the Bible in the old traditional way of perusal by rote, and of textual searching for doctrinal purposes. Those who, without having been trained by the liturgical services of the Episcopal Church, are occasional attendants upon it, are generally sensible of a sort of wooden or formal method, a stiff, mechanical, and stereotyped routine, which they usually refer, and rightly too, to the

way in which the Bible is "appointed to be read in churches." The chopping up of its contents into "Lessons," their distribution by a calendar, the *beginning* and the *ending* of a first and a second Lesson ; a fragment of a Gospel, and a fragment of an Epistle ; and the partition of the Book of Psalms among the morning and evening services of the days of the month,— all proceed upon the assumptions that the Bible is suited to this method of using it, that all portions of it are equally edifying, and that all the obsolete institutions, the ceremonial, and secular, and military, and domestic elements embraced in it, are to be kept in reverential, living remembrance for each Christian generation. How hard it must be for a worshipper, twelve times in a year, on the eleventh day of each month, for all his life, to nurse his devotion on the sentence from the Psalmist, — "Moab is my wash-pot : over Edom will I cast out my shoe !"

The missionary, offering the Bible, as literally "the Word of God," to the Hindoo Brahmin, teases him by pointing out in his sacred books the statement, that India is girded around by seven oceans and seven continents ; and then bids the priest, on that account, to discredit his Scriptures. What if the priest should turn the tables on the missionary, by hard questions of Bible geology, cosmogony, or chronology,— by asking about the rainbow, the stowage of Noah's ark, the wars with the Canaanites, the story of Jonah, or the discrepancies between the books of Kings and Chronicles, or by inquiring why God should rest after six days' work ?

The specimen point which we have chosen, as indicating the character of the whole issue now opened between scientific criticism and the authority and value traditionally ascribed to the Bible as a book, is peculiarly adapted to the use we have made of it. The question which forces itself upon the mind as we now read the Mosaic narrative of the creation may be regarded either as a single question, to be met by a positive injunction against it or by a refusal to entertain it ; or it may be answered summarily, as involving merely a theory of interpretation ; or it may be boldly accepted as a challenge to a most momentous contest, for which the combatants on either side feel that they are fully prepared. In this last case, the

one question, the first question, will open into a series, a multitude of questions, which it will lead on fairly and logically in its train. It may begin with, but will not rest with, a confronting of the Scripture narrative with the supposed demonstrations of geological and astronomical science. The view and representation of God, working six days and resting on the seventh, will be taken as typical of an antiquated and most inadequate conception of Deity. Such questions as these will follow in the series :— Who wrote this narrative in Genesis ? What sources of information, what authority, had he ? What other things does he say, and how are those other things related to this ? In what relation do he and his authority stand to the book and to the authority of the book whose opening pages are ascribed to him ? How do the character and the claims of the whole book stand affected by this portion of its contents ? How are these contents of the book related to the system of teaching, the doctrine, the faith, directly or indirectly advanced in the book, or demanded for it ? If the old belief in the book should be invalidated by the results reached, after a fair hearing of these and other like questions, to what extent and on what grounds will it afterwards retain a value and serve as an authority for men ? It will thus be seen how the interests suspended in this debate become more and more momentous, and how the first question reaches on till it accumulates about it every test, process, and method by which a man examines and verifies for himself all anew the substance or residuum of truth over a field in which it has an undetermined relation to error. The ultimate questions reached, and even now debated with something more than implied decisions in the negative “ by divines of the Church of England,” are such as these :— Does man *need* a direct and supernaturally attested revelation from God, in the form of a book of inspired and infallible contents ? *Has God given* us such a revelation in or through such a book ? *Could* God give and attest such a revelation to man as would admit of its miraculous sanctions passing down through simple testimony to distant ages as of unimpaired value ? Readers of this journal know too well the medium-relation in which the views advanced substantially in these pages stand between the old Biblio^try and the extremes of

modern Rationalism, to require that we should drop cautions and hints of dissent as we proceed with our subject. For ourselves, at least, we feel content and secure in floating over deep places where we have given over trying to reach the bottom.

In view of facts which we have endeavored to state in their full force, though without exceeding the truth, the volume in our hands, reprinted from the English edition, presents itself to our notice. It is a most significant fruit of modern scholarship and of robust courage given to the treatment of the issue between the old traditional faith and the new knowledge. Dr. Hedge has furnished an Introduction to this American edition, in which he shows how thoroughly he masters the whole scope of its contents, and how gratefully he recognizes the noble vigor and spirit of its writers. Though he enters no formal dissent from any opinion or theory advanced in it, he leaves us to infer that he is not in full accord either with its affirmations or its negations. The contents of the volume are as follow: — The Education of the World, by Frederick Temple, D. D., Chaplain to the Queen, and Head-Master of Rugby; Bunsen's Biblical Researches, by Rowland Williams, D. D.; On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity, by Baden Powell; The National Church, by H. B. Wilson, B. D.; On the Mosaic Cosmogony, by C. W. Goodwin; Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, by Mark Pattison, B. D.; On the Interpretation of Scripture, by Benjamin Jowett. Of these seven authors, five are members of the University of Oxford, Mr. Jowett being Professor of Greek, and Mr. Powell, recently deceased, having been Professor of Geometry; and the other two are heads of important educational institutions of the Church. Mr. Goodwin, a brother of the Dean of Ely, resigned his fellowship because of conscientious scruples against taking holy orders.

Admitting at the start that the contents of this volume as a whole are "Rationalistic," in the moderate sense of that technical term,— and that in general they advance views precisely like those which have for half a century been maintained in our own journal, while on some very important points they far exceed in "destructiveness" any opinions that are identified with Unitarianism,— we still cannot share the surprise of the

startled public that the book should be the work of Oxford men. Its writers are, with a single exception, divines of the Church of England. They have signed its Articles, and are living on its patronage and emoluments. We have nothing to say, in the way of censorious criticism, about their honesty or consistency, as being heretics to the doctrinal formularies of that Church, or traitors within its fold. That is a matter for their consciences as regards themselves, and it is not one of perfectly simple bearings as it presents itself to others. Indeed, they have done nothing to assail or to undermine the authority of "the Church" to which they belong,—as an institution claiming Divine resources, to be used according to the best judgment of those who have them at their service. We know not of which of two classes of men, supposed to be quite numerous in the Church of England, we ought to think the worse,—viz. of those who, having actually lost their faith in its doctrines and formulas, still retain its places, honors, and emoluments, or of those who indulge themselves in bigotry and a fear of inquiry lest its results should compel them to make severe sacrifices. When Mr. Conybeare, in the Edinburgh Review, first applied the epithet of "Broad Church" to a rising party which he then had in view, it is hardly supposable that he recognized the adjective "Broad" as comprehending also the significance of *elasticity* and *pliability* in the consciences of Churchmen. Standing outside of the Church of England ourselves, we recognize it simply as the creation of Parliament, and as thence deriving not one whit more of the essential authority of the real Church of Christ, than goes with the charter of a railroad company from the same legislature. If that Parliamentary Church, having grasped and appropriated the religious endowments and the ecclesiastical property of an earlier communion in the realm, and by which it stands excommunicated itself, chooses to be a corporate agent of wrong to those outside of its communion, it is hardly strange that Providence should cause it trouble from those within it. At any rate, if the recent developments of opinions actually held by members of the University of Oxford are, as most undubitably they are, an index of an element now working through the whole Church, one would think that those

who most honestly divulged the true state of things were entitled to the benefits usually extended to such as afford "state's evidence." There is a very dark sentence in one of these essays concerning the University men who are supposed to know exactly how the issue now stands between faith and knowledge, and yet, for reasons that prevail with them, are reserved in their utterance. Dr. Williams tells us that in the University "he who assents most, committing himself least to baseness, is reckoned wisest." What then shall be said of those who assent to the least, and are the most honest in confessing it? Dr. Pattison tells us, in another of the Essays, that "a Godless orthodoxy threatens to extinguish religious thought altogether, and nothing is allowed in the Church of England but the formulas of past thinking, which have long lost all sense of any kind." Mr. Goodwin, whose scruples prevented his taking holy orders, hardly equals the intensity of those who are exercising them, when he says, in his Essay: "Physical science goes on unconcernedly, pursuing its own paths. Theology, the science whose object is the dealing of God with man as a moral being, maintains but a shivering existence, sholdered and jostled by the sturdy growths of modern thought and bemoaning itself for the hostility which it encounters."

It is but just, while we are noting these tokens of a bold and thorough spirit of inquiry engaged upon the fundamentals of faith, and upon the failing traditions of the Church in the University of Oxford, that we should recognize the recent emanation from the same place of three works designed to resist the rationalistic current, and, if possible, to avert or repair its mischief. Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures for 1858 propose, by the help of metaphysics and its logic, to rule out the claims of reason from any further trial of the contents of revelation than simply by an examination of its external evidences. We regard the main current of argument in these Lectures as involving the most insidious and fatal assault upon the credibility of that revelation. Dr. Williams says rightly of him, "that his blows fall heaviest upon what it was his duty to defend." Some incidental matters in the book tend in a better direction. Mr. Rawlinson's Bampton Lectures for 1859 undertake to state anew the Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture

Records, with special reference to the Doubts and Discoveries of Modern Times. The title suggests a work that is very much needed to be done. The book lays out a very admirable plan, and excites very high expectations,—excites them, we regret to have to say, only to disappoint them. The volume tells rather more on the side which it opposes, than upon that which it designed to defend. The third of these works on the conservative side, entitled "Science in Theology," includes Sermons preached before the University of Oxford by the Rev. Adam S. Farrar. It contains some strong and fine thoughts upon the points not in debate in the great issue, but is exceedingly weak where it touches them.

What we thus find disclosed touching the real state of opinion in the Church of England, we learn from other quarters is precisely paralleled in the Church of Holland. From the three Dutch centres of theological study—at Utrecht, Leyden, and Groningen—information comes to us that the whole field of discussion and strife which we have been recognizing is open there, and is coursed by able combatants. We know, too, that while within the strictly watched enclosures of most of the theological schools of our own country the conception or the utterance of heresy may be largely repressed, the whole living religious interest of our own people recognizes the same elemental strife in thought and faith.

The two English editions of the book before us were both issued under the blind title of "Essays and Reviews." When we first took up the book from the counter of the importer, we were hardly moved to go beyond its title-page, supposing it belonged to a class of works not substantial or decided enough to take a real title. But a brief notice of three sentences on a fly-leaf next the title-page satisfied us at a glance that there were juices and flavors and strong meat in the book; and the mastery of it was as a feast. This notice informed us that the writers "are responsible for their respective articles only, and that they have written in entire independence of each other, and without concert or comparison." Their object is stated to be "a free handling, in a becoming spirit, of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional modes of treatment." These are

oracular sentences. Men who, while writing in connection with others, deprecate being held responsible for each other's utterances, signify thereby that their colleagues are going to speak their minds, and that they will very likely do the same. A glance at the contents of the volume confirmed this impression. We knew where to place Professors Jowett and Powell, and Dr. Williams, in the scale of theological heresy, and it required no great skill to infer what they would be likely to write if they wrote together, and what sort of associates, in opinion and spirit, they would engage with them. There is no mistaking, by a careful student of the state of religious discussions at the present day, what is implied by the "subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional modes of treatment." The promise that such subjects are to be "freely handled" can have but one interpretation. Our anticipations of what the book would contain were abundantly realized. We suppose we have no right to look behind the positive assertion, that the respective contributors to the volume "have written in entire independence of each other, and without concert or comparison." Nor would we imply that there is reason for distrusting the literal truthfulness of the statement. And yet the phenomena of the case are very remarkable; only one or the other, or both, of two inferences will satisfactorily explain them. Either these seven essayists must previously have been in very close and intimate and confidential relations as friends and fellow-students, and have held many precious conferences together in which they were mutually each other's confessors; or there must be quite a large number of very able and very heretical divines in the Church of England, within easy hail of each other, and so thick in some neighborhoods that it is the readiest thing in the world to pick out a set of them who, "without concert or comparison," will contribute all the essential parts of a fresh and unhackneyed system of opinion. We are not familiar enough with the personalities of the case before us to decide between these alternatives. We have, therefore, simply to rest in the evident fact, that these seven writers knew where to find each other, and also, that, if they joined their forces for a "free handling" of certain matters, they

would at least not be likely to suffer from each other's blows. It certainly is remarkable that they all hit the same things without ever hitting each other. It might be supposed that six Episcopal divines and one layman, writing about heresy while heretical themselves, and "without concert or comparison," would afford in their pages opportunities to the critics for pitting one of them against another, and for showing inconsistencies between them. But no such opportunity is afforded. If the writers, before putting pen to paper, had sat down and divided among them the whole field of religious belief with reference to the issue now opened, and had each taken a portion of the ground where reason and science and knowledge are contesting it, they could not have exhausted that field more thoroughly, or divided it more ingeniously with reference to the special ability of each, than they have happened to do "without concert or comparison." And, most strange of all, neither one of them affirms any important point which any other has denied ; nor does either one of them assail as a heresy the boldest concessions yielded by all the rest. It would be very easy for any one familiar with the points in debate within the whole range of modern discussions — of the interpretation, the criticism, and the authority of Scripture, the validity of evidence internal or external, and the actual existence of such evidence — to gather from these pages a recognition of every doubt and difficulty, and every division of opinion, on these pregnant subjects. All that is peculiar and essential to orthodox views, as distinct from those known as liberal, fades utterly away, and leaves no trace in this volume. In fact, the writers, each and all, seem to be looking far beyond and above any controversy opened between the sects, — except in the occasional heavy blows which they deal upon bigots and alarmists in their own communion, — and to be dealing only with the common fundamentals. We must now scan briefly the substance of each Essay.

Dr. Temple, Chaplain to the Queen and successor of Arnold, opens the volume with a beautiful, though somewhat fanciful, *Essay on the Education of the World*. The heresies which are argued for directly in the other papers are mildly insinuated, or blandly taken for granted, here. Some very

rich and suggestive thoughts, to a degree philosophical too, are wrought in with his Essay ; while, as we have just said, there is an element of fiction both in his scheme and in his argument for it when put into details. That scheme is one not original with him, but familiar in the pages of several æsthetical writers. It runs a parallel between the career of an individual and the whole course of the development of humanity. The writer affirms that each successive age of the world receives and incorporates into it the substance of the cultivation and acquisitions of the ages preceding : the discipline of manners, of temper, and of thought being transmitted from generation to generation with an imperceptible but unfailing increase. There is a childhood, a youth, and a manhood, of the world, as of an individual ; and these stages of the world's development, like those of the individual, are committed to the discipline or guidance of the successive teachers suited to each. Childhood is governed by positive commandments and external restraints ; youth, gradually loosed from restraints, is influenced by examples ; manhood is swayed by principles. It is thus with individuals, it is so with the race. First comes Law ; then the Son of Man ; then the gift of the Spirit. Up to the time of Christ, the world, which had been in its long childhood, was subject to and restrained by Law ; during Christ's personal ministry, the world, advanced to its youth, was put under the training of his example ; since he withdrew from the earth, men "have been left to themselves to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within." Four thousand years of childhood ; thirty-three years of youth ; an as yet unfinished manhood of eighteen hundred years ! It is no wonder that humanity is a riddle and a hard pupil. Fanciful as is this scheme, the generalizations and distinctions of agencies and influences, of methods and resources, which it involves in its thorough application, afford opportunity for the emphatic statement of some grand and some sober truths. The writer takes a most generous view of "heathenism," manifesting hereby his full sympathy with some frank utterances of the writers who follow him, as they insist that the " covenant" of the Father of all can have no less contracted sweep than the compass of humanity. In his partition among the nations

of the sum of dependent and co-working agencies which have developed humanity, he assigns to Rome the contribution of order and organization ; to Greece, the cultivation of reason and taste ; to Asia, the inspiration of rest and meditation upon another world.

The second Essay, by Dr. Rowland Williams, of St. David's College, is in the form of a review of Bunsen's Biblical Researches. If our province now were that of a critic or an advocate, we should here enter some strong exceptions to the excess of dogmatism on the side of Rationalism, and to the positiveness of assumption in place of proof or evidence, in which both Bunsen and Williams indulge, as exhibited in this piece. Its views and theories are broad and liberal to the fullest degree. It extends that Providence with its workings and foot-tracks which has heretofore been restricted to Judæa, and to an epoch there, over all times and all lands. It lifts miracle and inspiration into universality, as "fruits of the Divine energy continuous and omnipresent." The article is very ingeniously worded and phrased, with a skilful balancing of negations and assertions in its frequent antithetical sentences. Perhaps only an expert can fully appreciate the extent of what is conceded about the invalidity of the traditional grounds and evidences of the old Scriptural faith. Dr. Williams wishes his review of Bunsen — whom he extols with the loftiest unqualified encomiums — to be regarded as "respectful exposition," yet "not to imply entire agreement." He gives a summary of the conclusions reached by the learned Prussian, on some large themes, adding occasionally a brief statement of the grounds proposed for authenticating them. Geological, ethnological, and monumental deductions require, in his view, at least a period of twenty thousand years for the past duration of the existing order of things in the physical world. He compares the traditions of different nations to reach the inference that the Biblical relations concerning the flood, the dispersion of men, and like incidents, have no special Divine warrant. Bunsen eliminates from the prophetic writings of the Old Testament any distinct recognition of such a Messiah as was actually manifested in Jesus Christ. Indeed, he strongly argues that the element of the fore-announcement of

persons and events, ages before history would fulfil prediction, was a function entirely subordinate, if it is to be recognized at all, in the Hebrew Prophets. Their office was that of divine witnesses and interpreters of present and continuous providences. What is left is — “to show, pervading the Prophets, those deep truths which lie at the heart of Christianity, and to trace the growth of such ideas, the belief in a righteous God, the nearness of man to God, the power of prayer, and the victory of self-sacrificing patience, ever expanding in men’s hearts, until the fulness of time came, and the ideal of the Divine thought was fulfilled in the Son of Man.” We are reminded that when John the Baptist was asked whether he were Elias, he answered, “I am not.” But Jesus expressly affirmed that John *was* the Elias predicted by Isaiah. This must mean, then, that he was so in the spirit and essence of the prophecy. Dr. Williams then proceeds with Bunsen through his exposition of his views of Hippolytus, of the origin, substance, and authentication of the New Testament Scriptures, and of the earlier documents of Christian history. In treating of the matter of liturgies, which is Bunsen’s specialty, Dr. Williams takes occasion to suggest some changes in the direction of comprehensiveness and liberality in the formulas and symbols of his own Church. His estimate of Bunsen, and also his own view of the critical state and the ominous future of the “Church,” may be inferred from the sentences following: “When he [Bunsen] asks, ‘How long shall we bear this fiction of an *external* revelation?’ that is, of one violating the heart and conscience, instead of expressing itself through them; — or when he says, ‘All this is delusion for those who believe it, but what is it in the mouths of those who teach it?’ — or when he exclaims, ‘O the fools! who, if they do see the imminent perils of this age, think to ward them off by narrow-minded persecution!’ — and when he repeats, ‘Is it not time, in truth, to withdraw the veil from our misery? to tear off the mask from hypocrisy, and destroy that sham which is undermining all real ground under our feet? to point out the dangers which surround, nay, threaten already to engulf us?’ — there will be some who think his language too vehement for good taste [!]. Others will think burning words needed

by the disease of our time. They will not quarrel on points of taste with a man who in our darkest perplexity has reared again the banner of truth, and uttered thoughts which give courage to the weak, and sight to the blind. If Protestant Europe is to escape those shadows of the twelfth century, which with ominous recurrence are closing round us, to Baron Bunsen will belong a foremost place among the champions of light and right." The earnest feelings of Dr. Williams find vent in a Sonnet to Bunsen. When we finished the second reading of this piece, we could not but remind ourselves how completely the offensive work of rationalistic and destructive criticism had been shifted from the comparatively modest and cautious pens of Unitarians, and assumed by Trinitarians and Churchmen. The free speculations which are found in this volume have generally been represented, by those who hold the traditional views, as likely to be reached only in the line of thought and criticism which is pursued by Unitarians. It now appears that Trinitarian views and church formulas offer no security against the inroad of Rationalism.

We come now to the most daring, not to add also the most rash and portentous, of the seven Essays, which is the third, by Professor Baden Powell. Its subject is, "The Study of the Evidences of Christianity." He recognizes this as a stock subject, which, from its having employed nearly every divine and preacher among those who have aimed for distinction in England, might seem to be exhausted. But he affirms that the theme was never more promising and inviting than now. The "Evidences" are constantly taking some new form, with changing phases of knowledge and opinion. He proposes to examine the present state of the discussion; to see whether Christian advocates have had the wisdom to yield untenable positions; and, if they have not, to indicate the symptoms of the consequent weakness of their claims. He reminds us that "any appeal to *argument* must imply perfect freedom of conviction." He hints at mutual injustice practised by both parties in the discussion. He complains of the confusion introduced into it by a shifting from matters of an external, objective character which appeal to reason and argument, to those interior and subjective resources which appeal to moral

sentiments. He says the idea of a *positive external Revelation* of some kind has hitherto been the basis of all received systems of Christian belief. The discussion, therefore, with those *outside*, concerned the validity of those external marks and attestations by which such belief is assured. There have been changes of methods and of points of treatment in dealing with the Evidences, according to changes of view adopted concerning revelation, the nature of the objections offered, and the intellectual and reasoning character of an age. The early apologists defended their cause by arguments according with the then prevalent modes of thought. The mediaeval Church, by its dogma of authority, dispensed with Evidences, and even with argument. In the sixteenth century evidential works first appeared, as they were called out by the rise of the sceptical spirit. The sternness of Protestantism requiring definitions, arguments, and proofs, quickened by metaphysical zeal, multiplied these works in the seventeenth century, and ever since they have poured as by a stream. The appeal was to Miracles, as evidences: and these were to be substantiated like ordinary matters of fact, for testimony would give them at any distance of time the validity which they had on their occurrence, and would prove their occurrence. No antecedent difficulty was recognized as attaching to miracles themselves. The Gospel narratives were to be traced to contemporary writers, as competent and credible, and the wonderful phenomena which they related were to be referred to the Divine omnipotence and goodness. The reliance was wholly on *External*, with but a subsidiary reference to *Internal* Evidence. A transition of method and argument, our author proceeds to say, was marked in the last century, which culminated in Paley, when the substituted method was arrested, and faith began to lean on the more severe, compact, and philosophical argument of Butler. We have now come to crave, if something similar in kind, yet something more thorough, and fundamental, and comprehensive.

Scientific difficulties in the suspension of natural laws in miracles were not felt in previous ages. The pinch is precisely at that point with us. Hume proposed an important issue. Testimony can authenticate only the occurrence of an

inexplicable phenomenon, but cannot certify to its supernatural character. The resource of argument found in suggesting that a miracle, instead of being an arrest or a violation of the sequence and working of natural laws, was provided for in the original method set for those laws, was first relied upon by Spinoza. In reference to any sublunary or secular matter, now-a-days, our convictions, formed by scientific views of the continuity of natural laws, would reject the quality of miracle in any marvellous report or incident that might be brought to our knowledge. The Professor further insists that the antecedent credibility of all testimony is amenable to modifications to be imposed by our confidence in the sway of general laws. The theory has been to admit that interposition would be generally incredible, though it is to be allowed to be possible if an emergency can be made out. Our belief in the Divine interposition must depend essentially on what we *previously* admit or believe with respect to the Divine attributes. It was once assumed that every believer in God must admit the possibility and the credibility of miracles. But this condition is now subject to a very serious qualification. It depends upon *what sort of* a God we conceive of and believe in. Philosophy now takes in the idea as a tenet for some, that it is discreditable to the Divine perfections to admit the notion of occasional interpositions, regarded as interruptions and violations of God's own order. The argument *from* miracles is now deferred by many minds till they can dispose of the difficulty which they meet with in the argument *for* miracles. The miracles, which "in a former age were among the chief *supports* of Christianity, are at present among the main *difficulties* and hinderances to its acceptance." And, in fact, Dr. Powell considers that the positive value of all argument from miracles was surrendered when the modern view was recognized and espoused by various schools of thought, "that miraculous or any external evidence is to be taken only in connection with, and in fact in subserviency to, the moral and internal character of the doctrine going with it." The following sentence sums up the conclusions which the Oxford Professor of Science, and at the same time divine of the Church of England, has left, so soon after their publication, for the judgment of himself in both these official characters:

"In nature and from nature, by science and by reason, we neither have nor can possibly have any evidence of a *Deity working miracles*: for that, we must go out of nature, and beyond reason." "The Gospel miracles," he says, unqualifiedly, "are always *objects*, not *evidences*, of faith." Still he admitted miracles into his theology, and he admitted them solely as appealing to and as cognizable by faith. He says, "What is not a subject for a problem may hold its place in a creed."

Now it is very easy to say, as some of Dr. Powell's assailants do say, that his views as thus disclosed are essentially *atheistic*. We say no such thing. We see nothing in them inconsistent with the most devout and entire faith in God and in Christ. But we do see in them the idiosyncrasy, or, perhaps we should say, the characteristic eccentricity or quality, of a man whose double office of philosopher and priest led him to worship at two different altars, offering his mind to the one and his heart to the other. The views which he announces result directly from the relations into which he chose to place the God whom he devoutly revered, to the order of nature which engaged his studies. In that order of nature he recognized continuity, regular and unvaried sequence, a steady evolution, progress, and uniformity, which never was violated or intruded upon by any agency or incident that acted or transpired within its own domain. Nature could not present anything that happened within or outside of her series of operations as miraculous, and therefore science could not regard anything in nature as miraculous. Reasoning in this manner, in consistency with the range and method which he himself started with assigning to nature, Professor Powell tells us that what he recognizes as science refuses to recognize miracle. Well, so be it. Science can lay down that *dictum* for itself if it pleases so to do, seeing that it is a condition and limitation which it imposes on itself. The question depends entirely upon the enclosure and the contents of that field which science proposes for its own range and observation. Science can assert and assure to us neither the impossibility of the occurrence nor the impossibility of proving the occurrence of miracles. Science, in Dr. Powell's self-limitation of its province, voluntarily restricts itself to such

observations as are not miraculous, that is all. It will not regard anything on an alleged miraculous side. If Mr. Babbage had been asked to request his calculating engine to play a tune, it would have been competent for him to answer, that the engine does not recognize music. He himself, however, might recognize music, and he might recognize something else that could make music, if his machine could not. He might recognize something that could even turn his machine, by the help of means not provided for within its mechanism, into a medium for working out or giving forth that music. Dr. Powell, we think, exposes with due severity the real sophistry which has been involved in the arguments of those who have tried to reconcile doubters to faith in miracles, by adducing as parallelisms of miracles wonderful events transpiring within the circle of natural causation under circumstances unlike those familiar to us. The stock illustrations of the king of Siam and ice, or of the clock which was to strike one deep tone on a separate bell at the moment between a closing and an opening century, and all similar illustrations, are utterly irrelevant. Water turns to ice not by miraculous intervention, but by changed climatic influences, all within the order of nature. The century-bell and its one stroke are provided for within the machinery of the clock, and are as essentially a part of it as is that arrangement in it which clicks each passing second of time. No monstrous, abnormal, or startling incident in nature receives from those characteristics the quality of the miraculous. Where a miracle comes in, nature is unconscious of it; science may ignore it or not, just as science chooses to view its own functions. But as music is a possibility, though Mr. Babbage's engine cannot play it, so a miracle is a possibility, though nature cannot work one, nor be conscious that one is wrought in her,—and though science, identifying itself with nature, refuses to recognize the miracle. Dr. Powell makes over all that is miraculous to faith, both to find assurance that it is possible and that it is provable,—that it may occur and that it has occurred. We are content with this, provided only that such faith be allowed to be a legitimate, a healthful, and a co-ordinate authority or instrumentality with science. When Dr. Powell, as a Christian divine, refers miracle to the

cognizance of faith, he does not mean that faith must do by the miracle as the air does by a shadow,—allow it to fall and rest in it as an unsubstantial thing. The subjective faith in man himself, which takes in the miracle when the miracle asks to be received, must answer to some objective equivalent, to some corresponding agency in what is above and outside and independent of nature, as the instrumentality of the miracle. But we are exceeding our space and our purpose both, and must return to the volume before us, to complete our sketch of its contents, rather than to raise incidental discussions.

The fourth Essay in the series is contributed by Henry B. Wilson, a former Bampton Lecturer, and now a vicar in the Church. His subject is the National Church. His thesis is, Whether a church organized on the free, liberal, comprehensive and multitudinist principle, or one which admits members to a restricted fellowship, and only by individual conviction and profession, is reared on the true basis of a church. He recognizes a wide-spread anxiety and foreboding respecting the future prospects of Christianity, and the office of the Christian Church. This he refers to an equally wide-spread "alienation both of educated and uneducated persons from the Christianity which is ordinarily presented in our churches and chapels." Of the whole number of persons in the realm able to attend public worship, and for whom the means are provided, he says that five and a quarter millions, or forty-two per cent, do not appear as attendants on religious services. He traces the sources of modern doubts and disaffection associated with traditional Christianity to the Calvinistic and Lutheran theories advanced on the one hand, and to the sacramental and hierarchical theories advanced on the other. He maintains that the "multitudinist" principle—that which recognizes the presence and acceptance of a religion by a national or general conversion—is more consistent with the early facts, and with the genius, spirit, and objects of Christianity, than is the "individualist" principle, which recognizes only the conversion or indoctrination of single persons one by one. He says, "The essential quality of a National Church is that it should undertake to assist the spiritual progress of the nation and of the individuals of which it is composed, in their several states

and stages." His generous theory leads him to make an exceedingly forced application of it, not only to the possibilities of what an English National Church might be, but also to the actually existing Establishment; and so he sets himself to the sadly sophistical attempt of arguing, that the formularies and the symbols of that Church, if they did not contemplate, do at least allow, a freedom, variety, and comprehensiveness of doctrinal opinion, of which a large number of conscientious men have really had no idea. When such men as Lindsey, Webb, Wakefield, and Armstrong left comfortable places in the Establishment, to commit themselves to the social and personal sacrifices required by their espousal of Unitarian opinions; and when, recently, Canon Wodehouse announced that he could no longer bring his conscience to submit to the palliatives by which his heretical brethren justified his and their professed belief of what they really disbelieved, and so must resign his honors,—we doubt whether either of these men exceeded in heresy the amount in which Dr. Wilson indulges. Of course, he tries his skill upon the Articles, and even upon the Canons of his Church, by relying upon the fancy of a "non-natural" sense, an equivalent across the water to our own orthodox device of receiving for "substance of doctrine." This strategy of the "non-natural" sense was put to service at Oxford just thirty years ago by another set of divines, to justify disloyalty to Protestantism in the direction of Romanism. Certainly it works as well on the side of laxity as on that of stringency in matters of Church authority. Dr. Wilson may be right in saying that his Church is not committed to any theory of Inspiration. He affirms manfully, that "the phrase 'the Word of God' begs many a question when applied to the canonical books of the Old and the New Testament; and is a phrase which is never applied to them by any of the Scriptural writers." But when he sets before us the words of the Canons, including what they enjoin and what they forbid of belief and opinion in an ordained minister of the Church, it is plain that under either of those terms he does not belong where he is. We could have wished that the melancholy special pleading on two or three of this writer's pages had been cancelled before the printing. For though we have before implied our disposi-

tion to pardon something to the avowed heretical ministers who remain in the English Church, on the score of their value as "state's evidences," it is but fair to say that we obtain the same disclosures which they afford through more scrupulous witnesses.

We should be glad to give a brief account here of the contents of an exceedingly interesting pamphlet on "The Liturgy and the Laity," by Mr. Edward Shirley Kennedy. The writer, a Cambridge University man, was deterred, like Mr. Goodwin, from his purpose of becoming a clergyman, by conscientious scruples. He writes in the interest and as the representative of laymen in the Church sharing his feelings. He affirms that "the Prayer-Book is the cause of carelessness and insincerity in the observance of religious ordinances, and of consequent faithlessness and deception in the ordinary transactions of civil life; thus checking the growth of genuine Christianity, and inducing a low tone of public morality." His list of the heresies entertained, he says, by "not only a *majority* of professing laymen of the Church, but also by a portion of her clergy," is a formidable one, and includes the following: "They do not believe in direct Apostolical Succession, nor in an unbroken line of ordination from the time of the Apostles down to the present day; nor that a clergyman is something more than a mere man; nor that the imposition of episcopal hands confers any exclusive or peculiar spiritual prerogatives; nor in the priestly power of absolution; nor 'in the resurrection of the flesh'; nor in certain portions of the Athanasian Creed," &c., &c. He says, that, in making known to a clergyman his reasons for not taking orders, he mentioned that he did not believe the second sentence of the Athanasian Creed. The reply was hearty, at least: "My good fellow, neither do I; but don't you see that a clergyman avoids that objectionable clause, as it always falls to the share of the clerk and the congregation?" The story reminds us of a relation recently going the rounds of the newspapers, in which a person assailed and battered by a husband and wife at once, in answer to the question by the magistrate, whether they both struck him, replied: "The man did the beating, and the woman did the swearing; but he told her to."

Returning to Dr. Wilson, he demands that the same freedom be given to the ministers as is practically allowed to the laity of his Church. He says: "As far as opinion privately entertained is concerned, the liberty of the English clergyman appears already to be complete." "No one can be interrogated nor troubled for what he has not expressed, nor be made answerable for inferences drawn from what he does express." The difference, however, between holding without expressing, and holding and expressing heretical opinions, while still remaining in the Church, seems to be the difference between "lying unto men" and "lying unto God :" they are both bad things to do. But Dr. Wilson does succeed in showing that it is difficult to define strictly the extent of the legal, or even of the moral obligation, which a clergyman incurs in signing the Thirty-nine Articles. He demands more freedom and nationality in the use of the national ecclesiastical property and patronage, and enforces his plea by forebodings and threatenings of the alienation and hostility thickening against the Church. His Essay closes with some very suggestive hints about the application of "ideology," that is, a free, metaphorical license, to the interpretation of Scripture.

The fifth Essay of the series, by Mr. Goodwin, is on the Mosaic Cosmogony. We need not give even the briefest analysis of its contents. The plain English reader of the Bible knows full well the majesty, the beauty, and the simplicity of the narrative of the creation which opens the Book of Genesis. If it be proposed to us as designed for the one paramount purpose of directly ascribing to the one Infinite God all the creating and designing work manifested in this universe, it is adequate to that purpose. Science cannot certify to, or even assert, its inadequacy to that purpose. Neither can criticism, however bold or microscopic, qualify or impair the reverential appreciation with which we can receive the partition, and succession, and progressive development of the stages and the plan there so grandly laid before us. But if a petty literalism and a severe dogmatism attach themselves to that record, and insist upon its being received as a supernatural communication through Moses to us, of an infallible journal or history of the creation, of the way in which it was wrought, of its processes,

with the time they occupied, and of the order of events, with their mutual connections,—then we sacrifice a lofty religious lesson for the sake of a poor and baseless superstition, and offer the Bible as a football to men proud and vain of their science. We think Mr. Goodwin errs in the rigidness with which he imposes upon the record a method of interpretation, suggested indeed, but still not necessarily demanded, by its own terms. His method is to present, certainly with no lenient spirit, the literal statements of the record, and to hold it stiffly to them, and then to set before us the positive collision between it and the certified results of science. Afterwards he compares the attempts at reconciliation or vindication made successively by Dr. Buckland, Hugh Miller, and Archdeacon Pratt. He mischievously puts these half-rational, half forced and accommodated schemes into the amiable exercises of the ring, where they pummel each other. We can conceive of a better paper on this subject, but at the same time we must recognize in it a master's hand, and many strong touches and bold strokes. The subject itself, however, is a vital one, and is representative of the whole issue with which we have been dealing. Critical principles recognized or resisted here, decide how the Bible is to stand in the time that is coming.

In the sixth Essay, Mr. Pattison discusses the "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England from 1688 to 1750." He chooses that period, in part on account of certain parallelisms which it has with our own age, and in part because we are to find in it the explanation or the sources of the influences or results prevailing now around us. The period, though one of remarkable material prosperity, was also one marked by the decay of religion, and by the prevalence of licentiousness, corruption, and profanity. There is a sly undertone of naive innuendo throughout the Essay, which makes a great many of its paragraphs suggest something which they do not say, and at the same time there is an amazing vigor, and an almost exhaustive comprehensiveness of knowledge of the time of which he writes, displayed in his pages. He is keen and witty, and he is none the less serious and profound. The interval which he traverses is generally, as he says, passed over in a glib way by religious boasters, as if they preferred not to notice its charac-

teristics. He would study them with care, because he traces in them the immediate agencies which, by a continuity of influence, have produced the present. His views are briefly these. The whole of the eighteenth century was occupied in "proving the truth of Christianity," with this distinction, that the former half was given to the exhibition of the *internal* evidences,—the nobler process,—and the latter half to presenting the *external*. Both methods, however, place the mind in an unfavorable attitude for the consideration of religious truth. An appeal was made to the common reason of men to find a Protestant basis for doctrine, in place of the Roman basis, which had been subverted when ecclesiastical authority had been undermined. Laud had tried to set up a national in place of a universal church. The Revolution of '88 shivered this to fragments, in the triumph of a free press and the principle of toleration. The moral of the Essay is, that the best good sense, working on the materials of human nature and Scripture to construct a religion, can reach an irreproachable and solid ethical code, ratified by Divine sanctions; but could not establish the supernatural and speculative part of Christianity. He gives to Butler the palm of eminence in the evidential school, only because he undertook so moderate and circumscribed an argument. He refers to the sneers cast upon religion and the clergy, as showing the temper of the time he is studying. The champions of the Gospel, he says, almost demonstrated "that it was safer to believe in Christianity than not;" but the more they demonstrated, the less people believed. The whole century proved the failure of a prudential system of ethics as a restraining force, and as a security for virtue in society. From this failure sprang the reaction of Methodism and Evangelicalism. Mr. Pattison concludes by stating that his object has been to take the past history of belief in the Church of England, and to see on what basis Revelation is supposed by it to rest. He finds that the basis has shifted from church authority to spiritual conviction, or the internal light, then to Reason and its processes, and then to the self-evidencing and self-interpreting qualities and contents of the Scriptures. And he decides that an inquiry as to

which of these, or what combination of them, is to be wisely relied on, is “a perplexing, but not profitless inquiry.”

As we have pronounced Professor Powell’s Essay to be the boldest in this volume, so we must say of Professor Jowett’s, which closes the series, that it is the wisest and most able. The sound wisdom, the solid scholarship, the moderation of tone, the masterly apprehension of the whole subject-matter with which it deals, the acuteness of thought, and the noble liberality and largeness of view which characterize it in a remarkable degree, make it, as we think, a piece of composition unmatched in the whole range of theological literature. Bigotry and narrowness, and a timid horror of its sterner features, and especially of its manly candor, may assail it and wreak their spite upon it, but the work which it has wrought with a master’s power is done, and cannot be undone, nor henceforward forgotten. Its essential positions are unassailable. Professor Jowett has had ample training and discipline for the production of this Essay, of a hundred burdened pages, “On the Interpretation of Scripture.” He starts with the acknowledgment that all Christians receive the Old and New Testament as “sacred writings,” but do not agree in the meaning assigned to their contents, as each sect or body has its general and its characteristic notions, and attaches its own distinctive views to one or another set of test passages. Their differences are to be referred largely to inherited and traditional doctrinal strifes; to the progress of the human mind as it passes on to new views of truth by the world’s advance in the development of thought and philosophy; and to the recognition of poetry and allegory in what was once taken for literal fact. The use of the Scriptures for preaching, for drawing out the meaning and application of texts for the sake of making a sermon of proper length, has caused no little of the mischief that is to be rectified. “The tendency in theology has been to conceal the unsoundness of the foundation under the fairness and loftiness of the superstructure.” With a keen and remorseless sincerity, yet not sarcastically nor irreverently, does this Oxford Professor deal with the stereotyped artifices, the devices and evasions of the orthodox schools of criticism. He next sets himself to examine some of the preliminary questions which

lie in the way of right principles and methods of Scripture interpretation. The word "Inspiration" he regards, though used as one of the "great peacemakers," as asserting something which is without any distinct meaning; and he says positively, "There is no foundation for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration in the Gospels or Epistles." The way of relief from our confusion is to rid ourselves of all imaginary theories and standards of *inspiration*, and to find out the real nature of the quality so designated from the examination of Scripture. "As the idea of nature enlarges, the idea of revelation also enlarges." "The Calvinist ignores almost the whole of the sacred volume for the sake of a few verses." We must learn to distinguish the *interpretation* from the *application* of Scripture. After unveiling some of the more difficult, perplexing, and awkward facts which Scriptural criticism fairly conducted has brought into prominence, he meets the objection which he knows very well that the bigoted and the timid will urge against him, by stating boldly that his aim is "to disengage Christianity from all suspicion of disguise or unfairness." Then come some admirable remarks on the inner vitality, the soul, the spirit of the Scriptures, the sources of its compass, truth, and vigor in its teachings. Though *only one meaning* is to be assigned and is to be believed in as conveyed by a passage of Scripture, we are to search with all our zeal for *that*, and to possess ourselves of its unfoldings, or its seed-energies. Next, the writer deals with the outward form of Scripture, its letter, modes of thought, and figures of speech. His remarks are the most elaborate, original, and scholarly in his analysis of the grammatical structure of the New Testament Scriptures. He makes some very delicate and passionless allusions to the mean abuse and the offensive personalities of which he himself has been the subject. He says, "There is one word of caution to be given to those who renounce inquiry: it is, that they cannot retain the right to condemn inquirers."

We have given but a most inadequate analysis of the matter of this admirable paper. It is perfectly awful to think, it is melancholy beyond endurance to realize, what an immense amount of Biblical, theological, and religious matter, the dry

and arduous learning of commentaries and expositions, a clear-headed and high-souled piece like this at once renders valueless. The writer shows us how impossible it will henceforward be for an honest theologian, of any competent attainments, to drivel as does Mr. Bickersteth in his "Rock of Ages." His *rock* is a sand-hill, of the driest, most barren, and least cohesive materials.

We have thus dealt, as our space and ability would allow, with a subject the proper presentment of which would require more than one volume; and we have recognized heartily the valuable contribution made to the fairest handling of parts of that subject in the book before us. Other books of like sort will follow, if not from the same sources, then from others. The religious world is ready for them, and must have them. In all Christian communities the proportion of sincere, and even of avowed or professed believers in the old theories and dogmas of a traditional faith, is steadily and rapidly falling away when compared with the increase of population; and those of our sects which appear to thrive do so by schemes, artifices, and measures which will not bear the search of inquisitive eyes. "Orthodoxy" is effete; it is dead. It will know no resurrection. The theme which we have been discussing covers the whole ground of the difference between what the Bible really professes to be and is, and the traditional superstitions and the untenable theories and notions which are associated with it;—the difference between a faith which wise and right-minded and free-souled men may hold in hearty confidence and reverence, and that which must constantly quake and grow pale in presence even of the monumental stones and the recording phenomena of the earth. Our faith to be secure must rest upon the foundations, and be nourished by the verities, which God has furnished for it, not upon materials invented by ourselves. There will still be a difference between the Divine and the human, a difference between science and *omni*-science, enough to provide us with a religion. Our higher culture must stand clear of the rubbish of antiquated and discredited belief. It is no just ground of complaint against the destructive criticism of our day, that it does not at once furnish substitute materials and principles as positive

and satisfactory as those which it takes away once were. Each age must accept its work and office in the authentication of the grounds and compass of faith, in the form in which the exacting task comes to it. We recall gratefully the toils of the Benedictines copying the letter of the Scripture on the diamond page of ivory, or on the spacious folios of parchment, and touching the ornamental characters with the exquisite tints of blue and gold. But now that that mechanical toil is spared us, and the dull lead, and the cheap ink, and the paper bleached from beggars' rags, have made the record to have no cost, the same skill must go to its interpretation, the same love must be lavished upon its spirit. There is one fact, at least, to reassure the weak or the fearful. There are men, not few nor singular, who have faced all this destructive work of criticism, have weighed all its blows, and have yielded everything that it has broken or rendered unserviceable; and who are all the stronger in their faith in things divine and holy, all the more stout in their loyalty to Christ and his truth, all the more hopeful of the cause and the kingdom which is committed to Him. Having centred all upon Christ,—his grace and fulness,—they have found peace and strength. They may seem to deal rashly or threateningly with the belief or the things believed, that are dear to others. But it may be well to heed in season their warnings and appeals as they try to dissever the substance of truth from traditions and superstitions, lest the cradle of faith should prove to be the grave of religion.

NOTE.—In a note to Dr. Williams's Review of Bunsen's Biblical Researches (page 75 of the American edition of "Essays and Reviews"), Dr. Palfrey is represented, by a reference to his work on the Jewish Scriptures, as "restricting the idea of revelation to Moses and the *Gospels*," to the exclusion of "the Psalms and Prophets and Epistles." This is an oversight or an error on the part of Dr. Williams. Dr. Palfrey recognizes no such difference between the *Gospels* and Epistles.

ART. IV.—GERMAN HYMNOLOGY.

1. *Geistliche Gedichte.* Von NICOLAUS LUDWIG, GRAF VON ZINZENDORF. (Spiritual Poems. By COUNT ZINZENDORF.) Stuttgart. 1845.
2. *Geistliche Lieder.* (Spiritual Songs.) Von FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK. Leipsic. 1839.
3. *Geistliche Oden und Lieder.* (Spiritual Odes and Songs.) Von CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT. Leipsic. 1757.
4. *Worte des Herzens.* (Words of the Heart.) Von JOHANN CASPAR LAVATER. Zurich. 1771.
5. *Versuch eines allgemeinen evangelischen Gesang- und Gebetbuchs.* (Essay towards a universal Evangelic Hymn and Prayer-Book. By CHEVALIER BUNSEN.) Hamburg. 1833.

In our last number we gave some specimens of old German hymns, with interspersed historical and biographical notices, from Luther down to Zinzendorf. In this paper we shall attempt a short survey of the history of German hymnology, showing the working out of the idea of the hymn in German hands, and remarking upon some of the chief characteristics of the German hymns, as tried by the standard of the ideal itself.

The work of Bunsen, named in the above list, the fruit of a sixteen years' labor, reminds us of the singular combination of poetic enthusiasm and plodding patience which marks our German brethren. Their scientific and reflective thoroughness in whatever they undertake goes with them even into poetry and piety, and not least strikingly is it exemplified in that department which requires so fine a fusion of both those elements, the constructing of hymns and hymn-books.

The name of Klopstock marks the era when the longing of the German national genius to understand and supply its wants in the hymnological direction began to express itself distinctly; but it had long been at work more or less obscurely, in the struggles of mystic, moralist, and dogmatist to mould into an effective shape the elements of sacred song.

What is the true and great idea of the Hymn,—what is its purpose, as the German heart, and, we may say, the Christian heart, quickened by the Reformation, has so long been seeking, more or less consciously, to fulfil it?

The Hymn has been happily described as "the voice of the Christian heart in song." "The heart of the Christian congregation uttering itself in song," may stand as a good synonyme for the hymns of the Church. The Church may be regarded as a household, a fold, or a camp. Hymns are the songs that cheer the family; lull the flock to rest, or lead it on after the Shepherd through wild and rocky places; that sustain, stimulate, and steady the heart of the army of martyrs, with the consciousness of the great Providence overhead, the spiritual fountain within, and the triumph which awaits the faithful.

The early Christians felt themselves to be a band of armed covenanters. In their militant pilgrimage they cheered the way, lightened the toil, enlivened the loneliness of many a pass, and nerved themselves for many a conflict, by songs of encouragement and admonition, hymns which recited stirring truth, or psalms which breathed the home-longing after God and holiness and heaven. There was one leader, one warfare, and one crown.

Such has been the significance of the Hymn at every revival of the primitive religion. So it was in Saxony,—so it was in Bohemia,—so in Scotland,—so in England,—so have we seen and felt it at intervals in our own land. Whenever the Church has come out from the wilderness of trouble and persecution into comfort and repute, music, sharing the common degeneracy of the rest of the service, has too generally tended to become more a remembrancer of the past than a quickener to the present and the future,—instead of waking the soul and calling it up to heaven, has come down to charm the carnal ear of dreaming indolence. Between ceremony and controversy, how hard it is to get back again that old feeling, at once of catholicity and of individual accountableness, which alone can make the Church hymn the song of the pilgrim army of the one God, under the one Captain, marching on to one victory, triumph, and salvation!

The influence of Protestantism upon hymnology is a curious and instructive subject, and one which connects itself throughout with the study of German hymn-writing and hymn-writers. Protestantism, as a contest for opinion or organization, can

hardly produce a true hymn. It can do that only as it is an impulse of self-defence, a struggle for the very life and freedom of the soul. That, indeed, is what Protestantism was, with Luther, in the beginning, though he himself, as he grew strong in ecclesiastical influence, sadly degenerated from that old simplicity ; and after his death Protestantism became to a very great extent an essentially unmusical thing.

When Luther appeared, the popular heart had been long yearning for the opportunity to utter itself in vernacular song. As early as Charlemagne, we find the beginning made of translating church hymns into the vernacular, under the Imperial auspices. In the thirteenth century, we find one Brother Berthold complaining that heresy was propagating itself by putting songs into the people's mouths, and calling on the orthodox to make safe and sound ones for their children in self-defence. The fifteenth century was greatly busied in translating Latin hymns. Thus, it has been said, was the Reformation already announcing itself from afar. But Luther found the people ready to take these hymns and use them. The time was come when, in this revival of the old simplicity of the faith, they too, like the first disciples, were to teach and admonish each other in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, — not merely to be sung *to*, but to sing to each other, and to sing all together, as a band of brethren and sisters in the Lord.

This practical use of the Hymn, as the song of the Christian pilgrim and soldier, which was made so prominent in the hymns of the Reformation, though often sadly lost out of sight in the subsequent successes and struggles of Protestants, was never more signally illustrated than in the Moravian hymnology with a notice of which we closed our former paper, and which, through the Methodists and Montgomery, has infused a spirit into English hymnology that is destined never to die.

With Klopstock, who was born in 1724, begins a new period of German hymnology. His name opens that era when the influences of the age of Frederick the Great, the age of free-thinking, of rationalism, the age of Lavater and Rousseau, told upon the hymns as upon the faith of the Church. It was the period of what the Germans call the “watering [dilution] of the hymn-books.” The great revival of poetic aspiration and

ambition, so signalized in Klopstock, led to the idea of retouching and investing with a new poetic charm the church versification.

Klopstock's own hymns, upon the whole, illustrate the saying, how much easier it is to criticise than to create. His aspiration surpassed his achievement. No man has described and distinguished better than he what belongs to the hymn and to the psalm; but when he came to actual performance, he produced too often what would be called indeed, by a common and false taste and piety, poetical and eloquent, but what should rather be called stiff and declamatory. We give one hymn as a specimen of his best style.

“RESURRECTION.

“Thou shalt rise, — yea, thou shalt rise, my dust!

Sleep a few days in trust,

Then shalt thou, waking,

Behold Heaven's morning breaking !

Hallelujah !

“All shall bloom again that 's buried now !

Lord of the Harvest, thou

Thy sheaves shall number,

The souls in Christ that slumber ;

Praise to thy name !

“Day of thanks ! Thou day of joyful tears !

God's day of endless years !

When, in earth's keeping,

His time I have been sleeping,

Thy trump shall sound !

“Like to them that dream shall we be then,

With Jesus entering in

To share his gladness,

Where pilgrim toil and sadness

Shall be no more !

“I shall tread, with Christ, the Holy Place,

Beholding face to face

The Eternal splendor,

And thanks and praises render

For evermore !”

Between the false and inflated fervors of the intense style of piety and poesy on the one hand, and the watery dilutions of

the prosing rhymers on the other, there were some who kept nearer the golden mean of a pure and simple taste. The most prominent of these are Gellert and Lavater, of whom the former, however, sometimes lapsed into a sentimental primness, and the latter into a didactic dryness, which may well be conceived when we are told that he wrote his fifty-four hymns in eleven days, under a sense of religious duty. Of that charming fabulist and beloved German soul, Christian Fear-God Gellert, we would gladly speak longer, but must leave him here with those graceful and just lines written on looking at his portrait, which we translate from Klamer-Schmidt:—

“ These are the wasted cheeks, whereon
No dawn of passionate desire,
No wandering glimmer of the fire
Of giddy folly, ever shone.
This is the face that looked on death,
As friend on friend he welcometh.
His hollow, spiritual eye,
Deep-sunken in the warning countenance,
Reveals the touching history of the heart,
Speaks an angelic tolerance,
And, with one tear, stings vice more poignantly
Than Swift or Rabner could with all their finest art.”

In passing on from the last century into the present, we meet three successive and striking epochs in the hymnological development of the German genius; first, the short and brilliant passage of that rarely gifted son of poesy, philosophy, and piety, Novalis, across the field of human vision; secondly, the Liberation war of 1813, which was a struggle at once of faith and freedom, a simultaneous blooming of patriotism, piety, and poesy, and which brought out such spirits as Arndt, Körner, and Schenkendorf; and, finally, the third centenary of the Reformation in 1817, which created in the German heart a wonderful renewal of the yearning for a new church life.

“ The spiritual poesy of the present,” says Bässler, “ is found in the act of moving onward. As its starting-point, we may mark the year 1817; as its aim and problem, the penetration of the religious poetic feeling with the objective, biblical faith of the Evangelic Church. . . . Our spiritual singers still sit

solitary as at the waters of Babylon ; but their songs point across, like a prophecy, to the new Zion which is to come."

In fact, modern German Hymnology may be said to be represented by three schools, which we may call the Romantic, the Moravian, and the Orthodox. Not that the characteristics of these several classes are not often found in unison ; but there are, distinguishable, the three tendencies we have endeavored to name ;—one, to make the hymn a vehicle of the greatest amount of truth, according to the creed ; another, to make it the musical meditation of a pious and poetic soul ; and a third, to make it the instrument of expressing and enkindling the social sentiment of the spiritual brotherhood.

The so-called Evangelical hymn-writers of these modern times who have written expressly for the use of the Lutheran churches seem to us, with all their fervor and fluency and melody, to make the hymn too prominently an organ of setting forth the doctrines and duties of the orthodox religion. It becomes a rhythmical indoctrination, admonition, or exhortation. In aiming to be exhaustive, it becomes exhausting.

The Romantic and Mystic elements, represented in the hymns of the beloved and too early lost Novalis,—in those of Rückert and Uhland, and a host of other poets who have written hymns because poetry was to them a priesthood, and piety a part of their poetic nature,—these elements are such as the Church, to be a true Church of the Christian spirit, cannot spare ; and if, as a recent German writer regrets, no large and deep soul has yet arisen "to give the inward spiritual lyric the full harmonious voice of ecclesiastical communion," nevertheless the great company of the hymn-writers, in and out of the ecclesiastical pale, are nobly heralding and inaugurating the new era of the Church universal and invisible ; and the nine hundred hymns of the little book called "In the Stillness," which we described in our former paper, are a noble band of trumpeters (an army in themselves) to this host of soldiers of the cross, who, without the uniform of an external church, all recognize the word of the one spiritual Captain.

We wish we had space to let this "storehouse of sacred jewelry" speak for itself, as in the Song of the Sabbath, beginning,—

" Peaceful, holy Sabbath-time !
 Like a sweet and solemn chime
 From the high eternal dome,
 Callest thou life's pilgrim home,
 Bidding man, from earth's delusion,
 From its turmoil and confusion,
 From its pleasures transitory,
 Turn his eyes to heavenly glory."

But we must content ourselves with one specimen.

This is a hymn by the "Hidden One" (*Die Verborgene*), as she signs herself, meaning, we suppose, one whose life is hid with Christ in God.

" BE STILL !

" Peace ! Be still !
 In this night of sorrow bow,
 O my heart, contend not thou !
 What befalls thee is God's will,—
 Peace ! Be still !

" Peace ! Be still !
 All thy murmuring words are vain,—
 God will make the riddle plain :
 Wait His word and bear His will,—
 Peace ! Be still !

" Hold thee still !
 Though the Father scourge thee sore,
 Cling thou to Him all the more,
 Let Him mercy's work fulfil !
 Hold thee still !

" Hold thee still !
 Though the good Physician's knife
 Seem to touch thy very life,
 Death alone He means to kill,—
 Hold thee still !

" Lord, my God !
 Give me grace, that I may be
 Thy true child, and silently
 Own thy sceptre and thy rod,
 Lord, my God !

" Shepherd mine !
 From thy fulness give me still
 Faith to do and bear Thy will,
 Till the morning light shall shine,—
 Shepherd mine ! "

In looking over the vast range of material which our subject requires us to review, we can hardly fail, one would think, to have our Hymnological, not to say our Theological ideas, somewhat enlarged.

What is a hymn? It is a devout, a religious song. But it need not, it cannot be a versified sermon or homily, a dogmatic statement in metre, a confession of speculative faith. It will not always directly address itself to God, by name or without name, even in praise; still less can a hymn be defined, as some would seem to imply, a musical *prayer*. A true catholicity will not find Christian hymns solely or specially where the names of the Holy Persons are expressly mentioned; but wherever the Holy Spirit breathes, and the Father's love is felt, and a yearning is manifest for the Divine Sonship, charity will believe that it was the spirit of grace, communicated by the Father through the Son, which inspired the song, whatever men may call it, and which makes the writer, in the secret, though perhaps only fitful, aspirations of his heart, at least, one of the real Church universal and spiritual.

A hymn is the song of a soul celebrating the joy with which it contemplates the works and ways of God, the admiration and delight it feels in being his creature and child, in being a part of his creation and his Church. A devout and musical meditation, then, may be a hymn, no less than a musical expression of direct prayer, penitence, or praise. A *cold* meditation, indeed, is not a hymn, any more than a hot anathema is; but that is because it is not a *poem*, to begin with. A meditation, however, which flows forth in harmonious numbers, from a harmonized nature, contentedly, gratefully, and charitably contemplating the ways of the Divine Providence,—that *is* a hymn; and though the metre may be too *particular* to be sung by a choir with the voice, such pieces may be sung “with the spirit and the understanding,” and accordingly they are coming to be more and more largely admitted to their silent seats in our hymnological collections. Sweet and comely and wholesome is it thus to recognize in our external and ecclesiastical provisions the presence and claims of

the Church invisible, the Church of the mystic gift and grace, the Church of the spirit and of humanity.

When we study hymnology in this catholic spirit, how does that goodly Church — whose architecture is music (and not *frozen*, but flowing music) — the fellowship of the Christian hymn-writers, in every language, and certainly not least in the German — widen its doors and its dimensions!

But it is time we passed on to consider the leading characteristics — the merits and the faults — of the hymns of that language with which our paper is specially occupied.

We have compared German hymnology to an ocean. When we look out over this ocean, and before we listen to its music, we are struck not only with the multitude, but with the length, of its waves. We mean the enormous and alarming length of the German hymns, considered especially as hymns to be sung. They tell of a race of writers almost as prolix as they are prolific. We should say that in Knapp's Treasury of Evangelic Song the pieces seldom contained less than six stanzas, oftener reaching to twelve, and quite often to the old Scotch sermon length of fifteenthly, the stanzas, too, being very generally from six to eight or ten lines long. They certainly illustrate remarkably the singular union, in the German spirit, of patience and enthusiasm. And yet one would think these qualities must be greater in the writers than in the readers or singers of such hymns. They show too, however, how much more important a place in church service singing holds among the Germans than with us. "*Teaching and admonishing each other in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,*" they do certainly mean to fulfil this part of the Apostle's injunction as well as the other, "*making melody in your hearts to the Lord.*"

One of the rocks on which the German hymns are often in danger of foundering is too great explicitness. The eloquence damages the poetry, and both injure the practical and devotional impression.

With all their faults, however, the German hymns have many and marked charms. The first thing that strikes one, on entering into the spirit of these hymns, is the childlike simplicity they breathe. This is one of their most pervading

and peculiar traits. It is true, close in the neighborhood of this beauty is a blemish into which it sometimes runs. The childlike, without the manly, degenerates into the childish; and from this weakness the German hymns are by no means always exempt. On the whole, however, a simplicity, at once manly and godly, prevails in the great mass of them, and gives them a national and a noble distinction.

We remark next, as akin to the simplicity, and growing out of it, the strength and fervor of faith which they manifest,—faith both in the holy principles of religion and in the holy and divine persons. Often, indeed, the very thoroughness and intense earnestness with which they address themselves to the cherished office of magnifying the Lord, in all his characters and attributes and ways and works, becomes almost, if not quite, prosaic, in its very force of purpose; but, withal, they certainly move on as seeing things invisible, and they “lay hold on eternal life” as a veritable, if sometimes too exclusively as a future reality.

A third trait we note, as also part and parcel of the childlike spirit, is the familiarity of the German hymns,—what Mrs. Browning, speaking of Chaucer, calls

“The infantine,
Familiar clasp of things divine.”

“The dear God,” is a mode of speech, with regard to the High and Holy One, which belongs to the German soul. The frequency and fondness with which the name of Jesus is dwelt upon, though not confined to German hymnology, may, in the degree, somewhat excessive, to which it is there carried, be set down as a characteristic of the German hymns. Not infrequently “Jesulein,” *little Jesus*, or Jesus dear, and other similar diminutives, are used. “Lämmlein” (the lambkin) particularly in the older hymns, is often applied to the Saviour. The saying that “men are but children of a larger growth,” the Germans, in matters of religious feeling, certainly illustrate in the better sense; or, rather, they beautifully illustrate Wordsworth’s expression:—

“And I could wish my days on earth to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.”

A German hymnologist requires of a good hymn that it should be,—first, lyrical; secondly, objective; and thirdly, popular. The first of these requisites the German hymns have in an eminent degree. The lyric handling is always free, graceful, glowing, and energetic. The German language is peculiarly favorable to the melodious expression of simple fervor. Its words and sounds make it comparatively easy to combine, in versification, compactness with fluency. This facility, however, is not always felicity. Too many of the German hymns are more eloquent than poetical, if not more declamatory than eloquent. As an offset to what was just said of the expressiveness of the language, there is one point in which, by contrast with our own, for instance, it often fails in compass for the purposes of majesty, and affects us with a sense of the monotonous; and that is, its not having the fine admixture of the Latin element, which, in the English language, at whose birth the Roman genius also presided, has so large and free a play. This deficiency is particularly felt when it is desired to translate into German the noble old Latin hymns. You feel more as if Latin were a dead language, than when they pass into English. But, to return to what we were saying, the uniform fidelity of the German hymn-writers to rhyme and rhythm forms a marked and monitory contrast to a great deal of our English hymnology. Never is there any slovenliness in the rhyme or halting in the numbers. (If Watts had been a German he never would have left so many wretched rhymes.) The German faithfulness herein is worthy of imitation. Is there any reason why good taste should not be associated with devotion? If a hymn is worth writing, is it not worth writing well?

Another German critic assigns as the requisites of a good hymn these four: first, Scripturalness; second, clearness; third, kindliness; fourth, propriety. The last of these we have already considered. The first is, in the German hymns, carried to a remarkable extent. In no church has the hymn been made so much the vehicle of indoctrination as in the Lutheran. The creed, in all its finest reasons and ramifications, is thus made familiar as household song. The hymns of the Scotch kirk exemplify the same thing. It has been

said, that, if the Gospels were lost, they might almost be replaced by means of the quotations from them in the Fathers. We may say, almost without extravagance, that the facts of the Gospel history might also be recovered through the German hymns. The third quality named by the German editor just referred to is one which, in the German hymns, is certainly and admirably conspicuous. Not only do they breathe good-will themselves, but they recognize good-will as the reigning disposition of God towards his creature. Their "thoughts" do *not* "on awful subjects roll, damnation and the dead." In Germany it is orthodox to believe in the final restoration of all souls to holiness, happiness, and heaven. And we may well ask, Can there be a true and thorough Christian hymn which does not rest upon this doctrine? Surely such lines as

"There is no Gospel preached in hell,"

are neither poetic nor inspiring, and so hinder the true hymn-spirit. Calvinism, in its thorough and unmitigated form, cannot produce a true Christian hymnology.

We would direct attention then, finally, to a quality which seems to us eminently to characterize the German hymns, and to be connected very closely with the foregoing, and that is, their trumpet-like strain of triumphant exultation. They cry, it is true, "The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble," but they also cry, "The Father reigneth, let the earth rejoice." They believe, and are sure, that good is destined to conquer evil; that the Lamb shall finally overcome all his enemies; that death and sin shall finally be swallowed up in victory. In the words of our own poet's "Hymn to the Past," their teaching is, that

"All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again,
Alone shall evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign."

It is this that makes the funeral hymns of Germany so peculiarly cheerful and solemnly glad.

The trumpet-tone of solemn cheer that rings out so sweetly in Montgomery's "Forever with the Lord," is characteristic not only of the Moravian music, but of the German hymn

generally. How touchingly it is heard in this dirge by a living hymnist, Dr. Sachse :—

[ON LEAVING THE HOUSE.]

“ Come forth, move on with solemn song !
 The road is short, the rest is long !
 ’T was God that led us in at birth,
 God leads us forth,—
 Man’s home is not this house of earth.

“ Thou Inn of pilgrims here below !
 Thou gavest joy, thou gavest woe ;
 Now, world, thy door forever close !
 The mortal goes
 Home to his heavenly repose,—

“ Goes to a better place of rest ;
 His weeping friends pronounce him blest.
 Good night ! the noonday heavily
 Did rest on thee,—
 Farewell, the night is cool and free !

“ Sound out, ye bells, with festal din,
 And ring the blessed Sabbath in,
 That calls, ‘ Here ends life’s weary road ;
 Lay down your load,
 And rest in Christ, ye sons of God !’ ”

[ON ENTERING THE GRAVEYARD.]

“ Now, gate of peace, thy wings unclose !
 Go in, to take thy long repose !
 Ye slumberers in the earth’s calm breast,
 Grant this new guest
 A little space by you to rest !

“ How thick the graves around us lie !
 Yet countless mansions shine on high ;
 And there already God’s free grace
 Hath marked a place
 Where soon shall shine this faded face.

“ His is the kingdom and the power ;
 ‘ I come,’ he cries, ‘ none knows the hour ! ’
 Yea, come, Lord Jesus, speedily !
 We wait for thee ;
 Come, make us thine eternally ! ”

May the spirit of poesy continue more and more to interpret and educate the spirit of piety! May the hymn refine and reform the creed; the instincts of the heart correct and cure the errors of the mind; and the voice of Christian catholic faith in song, sounding down from generation to generation, floating over sectarian enclosures, as do the bell-tones over the churches, waken and keep alive men's yearning for the true Church, the kingdom of heaven, and at last usher in the fulfilment of its own prophetic harmony.

ART. V.—LAMB AND HOOD.

1. *The Works of CHARLES LAMB.* In Four Volumes. A New Edition. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860.
2. *Memorials of Thomas Hood.* Collected, Arranged, and Edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. In Two Volumes. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

A HEARTY welcome to this beautiful American edition of Lamb's Works,—evidence of a demand we are glad to believe in, and intimating the delight—how we envy them!—of a new generation forming a first acquaintance with “Elia.” We greet, also, the Memorials of Hood, giving glimpses of his unsullied private life.

The temptation offered by these publications to write of two of the foremost contributors to the pleasant literature of our time, is not to be resisted, even at the risk of telling a thrice-told tale,—not much of a risk, after all, since those who have any affinity for the story can never tire of its repetition. Besides, it is not our purpose to speak of them chiefly as writers. We are able now to remove the always more than semi-transparent masks of the humorists, and show the sweet, brave faces of the men.

Lamb and Hood had striking resemblances and marked differences. We bring them together in our admiration; we separate them, more or less, in any critical analysis. They

are "hale fellows well met" for the most part, but do not always keep side by side. We shall endeavor, therefore, to indicate wherein was the unity and the duality,—to unite them finally in a common title to reverential respect, for higher reasons than the fascinating felicities of their pens.

Of humble birth, and receiving about the same amount of early education, these "lively friends" met suffering on the threshold of manhood, and parted from suffering only at the grave. They became authors more by accident than by design. Literature with Hood was soon a profession ; to Lamb it was mainly relief and recreation. The former kept the wolf from the door by the earnings of his brain ; the latter got his livelihood at the India House, adding by his writings a little superfluity to a moderate income. In rare friendships, neither can be said to have had the better of the other. But in one respect Hood was pre-eminently the most blessed. Lamb never had a home, in the full meaning of the word ; Hood was never without one. Lamb had to resign "the fair-haired girl" ; it was only in "Reverie" that he courted and called Alice W— his ; and his children were but "Dream Children." Hood's affections, on the other hand, were fully met and satisfied. He could write : "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received ; next, the remembrances of our dear children, pledges—what darling ones!—of our old familiar love ; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours ; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an afterthought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, excellence,—all that is wifely or womanly,—from my pen." He could say : "With such a wife to tease, and such children to tease me, I do not get so weary of life as some other people might." The light within his domestic circle, fierce and black as might be the storm without, was never darkened.

His feeble hand and throbbing brain were encouraged by sweet rewarding motives to work with something like a healthful elasticity and enthusiasm. His labors were labors of love; and being such, the pain of toil had in it a large element of pleasure. How different the fate of his friend! The picture of Lamb—when Mary was away—poring over the old dramatists, studying the drawings of Hogarth, or striving to forget self and the cheerless present by weaving into exquisite phrases his delicate imaginings or delicious exaggerations, is the very opposite of the picture of Hood, with Jane at the other side of the table, and Fanny and Tom Jr. sleeping the peaceful sleep of childhood near by. The shadows in *this* are the shadows of the common lot, not a little illuminated; and though solicitude may sadden the smiles and looks of tenderness, there are no signs of desolation of the heart. But in *that* the awful solitariness is for dreary days and nights almost wholly unrelieved. Over his brother wit, then, Hood had this unspeakable advantage. Happy and content in his domestic relations, a man can battle with the rough world, and resist with good success the depression of chronic disease. But when the sorrow pierces to the heart's core, haunting the one strongest affection with a constant fear, bright deeds and bright words shine as stars among midnight tempest-clouds, sparkle as diamonds in the gloomy and arid desert.

Turning from their circumstances to their mental and moral traits, we still trace interesting and instructive similitudes and contrasts in Lamb and Hood. They were one in affectionateness and gentleness of disposition. With Hood there was no peculiarity in the manifestation of these qualities. They expressed themselves directly and naturally. They attract attention by their continued even flow, their ever-present, thoughtful activity. In his letters to his wife and his friends, his intercourse with his own children and the children of others, his kindness is delightfully spontaneous and constant. The sunny temper, the quick sympathies, the generous unsuspicuousness, are explicit and harmonious. With Lamb, by reason of his singular make and experience, it was otherwise. His sweetest emotions often uttered themselves in strange fashions,—shrinking from straight-forward expres-

sion. Not infrequently you must interpret him by contraries. For example, we hold it certain — though we shall not stop to prove the fact, sure that our readers can see it for themselves — that none but a loving observer of children could have stammered out his well-known toast at a juvenile party: — “To the memory of the much calumniated King Herod!” or have written “A Bachelor’s Complaint of the Behavior of Married People.” Here, as elsewhere, the flash of ironical jests serves to throw a stronger light on his tearful sensibility, after you get the clew to the jester; his nature being one of those that reveal themselves in whimsical attempts at concealment. Then again in happy sentences, “con amore” descriptions, and fond memories, how his tenderness betrays itself. In “The Old Benchers” he asks, “Is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the *child’s heart* left?” The days he would recall are “the days of a *mother’s love for her schoolboy*.” Very significant, too, his reference to Old Morris: “To the last he called me Charley. I have nobody to call me Charley now!” Then could any mother limn more perfect sketches than those of John and Alice,— exquisite photographs of “what might have been”? And what meaning in these passages from “New Year’s Eve”! “But for the child Elia, that ‘other me,’ there in the background, I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow, and wake it up with surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrunk from any, the least color of falsehood. I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was,— how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful!”

These are illustrations of the tone that pervades Lamb’s life. They exhibit the lovingness that attached him devotedly to his promiscuous collection of friends,— made him impatient of the disparagement in earnest of any acquaintance,— prevented him from ever giving “an ill-thought birth,” and elevated even his selfish and conceited elder brother into a sort of Apollo. Truly we cannot quite admit his protest

against being "eternally styled gentle-hearted," though ready to confess he was something more and stronger than that.

In wit and humor Lamb and Hood were akin. The indulgence of an innate love of fun was irresistible to them. The one delighted in gravely quizzing his sister and mystifying his friends,—and the public too for that matter, as in his "*Ellistoniana*." The other, a practical as well as a verbal joker, must needs play innocent tricks on his children, warn his credulous wife not to buy any "plaice that had the appearance of red or orange spots," fill her pudding with skewers, interpolate her letters, and be the mischievous monkey of the family. The habit of the twin wags is pretty well exemplified in two extracts we take, at second hand, from Mrs. Balmanno's "*Pen and Pencil*." We quote the first, not only for the humor of it, but also for the love that lurks in it, and the hint given of a memorable sentence in "*Mackeroy End*."

"On the following night, according to his promise, Mr. Lamb honored us with a visit, accompanied by his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hood, and a few others hastily gathered together for the occasion. On entering the room, Mr. Lamb seemed to have forgotten that any previous introduction had taken place. 'Allow me, Madam,' said he, 'to introduce to you, *my* sister Mary; she's a very good woman, but she drinks!' 'Charles, Charles,' said Miss Lamb, imploringly (her face at the same time covered with blushes), 'how can you say such a thing?' 'Why,' rejoined he, 'you know it's a fact; look at the redness of your face. Did I not see you in your cups at nine o'clock this morning?' 'For shame, Charles,' returned his sister, 'what will our friends think?' 'Don't mind him, my dear Miss Lamb,' said Mrs. Hood, soothingly; 'I will answer that the cups were only breakfast-cups full of coffee.'

"Seeming much delighted with the mischief he had made, he turned away, and began talking quite comfortably on indifferent topics to some one else. For my own part I could not help telling Mrs. Hood I longed to shake 'Charles.' 'O,' replied she, smiling, 'Miss Lamb is so used to his unaccountable ways that she would be miserable without them.' Once, indeed, as Mr. Lamb told Hood, 'having really gone a little too far,' and seeing her, as he thought, quite hurt and offended, he determined to amend his manners, 'behave politely, and leave off joking altogether.' For a few days he acted up to this resolution, behaving, as he assured Hood, '*admirably*; and what do you think I got for my pains?' 'I have no doubt,' said Hood, 'you got sincere

thanks.' 'Bless you, no!' rejoined Lamb; 'why, Mary did nothing but keep bursting into tears every time she looked at me, and when I asked her what she was crying for, when I was doing all I could to please her, she blubbered out: "You're changed, Charles, you're changed; what have I done that you should treat me in this cruel manner?" "Treat you! I thought you did not like my jokes, and therefore tried to please you by strangling them down." "Oh! oh!" cried she, sobbing as if her heart would break; "joke again, Charles,—I don't know you in this manner. I am sure I should die, if you behaved as you have done for the last few days." So you see I joke for her good;' adding, with a most elfish expression, 'It saved her life then, anyhow.'

"This little explanation was happily illustrated the next moment, when Miss Lamb, still in extreme trepidation, and the blush yet lingering on her cheeks, happened to drop her handkerchief. She did not observe it, but her brother, although volubly describing some pranks of his boyhood to a little knot of listeners, stepped aside and handed it to her, with a look that said as plainly as words could say, 'Forgive me, I love you well.' That she so interpreted it, her pleased and happy look at once declared, as with glistening eyes she sat eagerly listening to the tale he was then telling; a tale which doubtless she had heard before, ninety and nine times at least."

The other anecdote helps us realize how "very lively" was "the sincere friendship" of the chief actors in the incident, at a supper at Hood's.

"Mrs. Hood had frequently smiled when I have complimented her on setting out 'picture suppers'; — this was truly one.

"Mr. Lamb oddly walked all round the table, looking closely at any dish that struck his fancy before he would decide where to sit, telling Mrs. Hood that he should by that means know how to select some dish that was difficult to carve, and take the trouble off her hands; accordingly, having jested in this manner, he placed himself with great deliberation before a lobster-salad, observing *that* was the thing. On her asking him to take some roast fowl, he assented. 'What part shall I help you to, Mr. Lamb?' 'Back,' said he quickly; 'I always prefer back.' My husband laid down his knife and fork, and, looking upward, exclaimed: 'By heavens! I could not have believed it, if anybody else had sworn it.' 'Believed what?' said kind Mrs. Hood, anxiously, coloring to the temples, and fancying there was something amiss in the piece he had been helped to. 'Believed what? why, Madam, that Charles Lamb was a back-biter!' Hood gave one of his short, quick laughs, gone almost ere it had come, while Lamb went off into a

loud fit of mirth, exclaiming, ‘Now that’s devilish good ! I’ll sup with you to-morrow night.’ This eccentric flight made everybody merry, and amid a most amusing mixture of wit and humor, sense and nonsense, we feasted merrily, amid jocose health-drinking, sentiments, speeches, and songs.

“Mr. Hood, with inexpressible gravity in the upper part of his face, and his mouth twitching with smiles, sung his own comic song of ‘If you go to France be sure you learn the lingo ;’ his pensive manner and feeble voice making it doubly ludicrous.

“Mr. Lamb, on being pressed to sing, excused himself in his own peculiar manner, but offered to pronounce a Latin eulogium instead. This was accepted, and he accordingly stammered forth a long string of Latin words ; among which, as the name of Mrs. Hood frequently occurred, we ladies thought it was in praise of her. The delivery of this speech occupied about five minutes. On inquiring of a gentleman who sat next me whether Mr. Lamb was praising Mrs. Hood, he informed me that was by no means the case, the eulogium being on the lobster-salad ! Thus in the gayest of moods progressed and concluded a truly merry little social supper, worthy in all respects of the author of ‘*Whims and Oddities*.’”

The comic element, in varied forms, occupies a large space in the writings of Lamb and Hood ; and by this they are best known,—as perhaps they should not be. But the joyous ripplings of the surface often conceal the depth and force of the strong undercurrent, and are apt to be mistaken, by superficial observers, from the pleasure they afford, for the whole stream. These “ripplings” were almost always visibly uppermost in the lives of the authors of “*Roast Pig*” and “*Whims and Oddities*. ”

Unconsciousable punsters, coiners of conceits, lovers of absurdities, with eyes wide open to the ludicrous, witticisms were forever on the tips of their tongues and pens. Even their moods of gravity had the flavor of a certain waywardness about them. They played upon words, and played with words, to such an extent, that they could not spare their own miseries. Both might have said what Hood, sick nigh to death, did say when a poultice was applied to his attenuated feet : “Very little meat for the mustard !” We can, too, imagine Hood writing, with variations, Lamb’s letter describing the influenza, which so comes home to the noses, eyes, and lungs of every reader thereof. But “Elia,” we submit, was the

only mortal who could have excused himself from the complaint that he came late to the office in the morning, with "But then, you know, I go home early in the afternoon." Indeed, beyond any other person we remember, Lamb was individual in his humor. Hood lived by his wit. He was obliged to produce it under the compulsion of necessity. "Joke or starve," was often the alternative. He kept embryo witticisms in his pocket, to finish to order, and exchange for bread. He had to manufacture his "comics" to feed the press, and feed his family. Of course, he could not always be in the vein, invalid as he was. Hence his drollery not seldom has the stiffness of invention, and wears the appearance of forced grimace and bespoken mirthfulness. Lamb was not in a mill, compelled to grind, so he was what he seemed, himself and nobody else. Moreover, he stood alone in the quality of his wit. There were delightful angularities, kinks, and twists in his mind, and his verbal pranks were, if we may so speak, the activity of these. He was not a typical person. It is impossible to squeeze him into any "order" or "genus." It is difficult to define or to distinguish,—hard to find any standard of comparison whereby to describe him. Many may have resembled him in a degree, but, taken all in all, he was like nobody else. Most witty people are so after known fashions; and you can classify them, imagine them talking according to a pattern, and copying it more or less closely. Not so with "Elia." His sayings and doings were genuine moods. He could not help being what he was at any given time and place. His elaborate essays illustrate his specialties better, perhaps, than his fragmentary and isolated witticisms. They do not make you burst out with laughter: they hardly make you laugh at all. They quietly amuse by the quaint fancies of every line, as well as by the grotesque whole. As you read, your face does not expand with broad grins, and your sides are not shaken with boisterous merriment. Your mirth is internal; it is exhilaration rather than cachinnation. The conceits are airy. The playfulness has something of reserve, and affects you by its suggestiveness instead of its distinctness. The fun is shy,—peeps at you round corners,—twinkles from half-shut eyes. It indulges

in no broad antics or absurd contortions. It is never dressed in gaudy burlesque ; does not come wriggling and turning somersets, like the clown in the circus crying out, "Here I am ! Why don't you roar ?" It steals upon you quite gently. You feel its titillating presence before you are aware of it, so softly does it touch your risibility, spring surprises, and catch you with unexpectedness. Sometimes there is a mellowness and simple richness of sympathetic description ; and the delight comes of the accurate sketching of out-of-the-way scenes and characters. At other times a persistent one-sidedness, or the half-in-earnest mental perversity, is the fascination. Something is due to his topics, in the choosing of which his peculiarities of taste are noticeable. They are taken mostly from the secluded sphere in which he lived, with its antiquated shapes, its shadowy personages, its dim atmosphere, its cobweb draperies, and its still, old life. When this was not the case, the subjects were put in new lights by his unique style of treatment. Hence, in both instances, the attractive idiosyncrasy.

Thus, it will be perceived, on the score of wit, we not only set Lamb on a pedestal by himself, but also elevate him above his associate. The truth is, we agree with Hood's son in thinking that his father was mistaken in supposing himself more comic than serious. His undeniable humorous gifts were used with great ingenuity, and to good success. But they were not the best, as they certainly were not the most original part of him. It was as a poet he shone brightest. The soft music, the delicate tenderness, and the exquisite turns of thought in his verse, will be held in treasured remembrance long after his puns and caricatures are forgotten. As we run our eye over the titles of his poems, recall the ethereal grace, the melting pathos, and the melodious flow of many of them, we can select single gems, each of which, in our judgment, is worth more than all the fun he made for the million. This fun does not, like Lamb's wit, coexist with his genius, forming an integral part of it, pervading and tinting with its flitting and fitful hues his soberest and loftiest productions ; it is rather the sparkle of quick parts, the nimbleness of mental versatility, an intellectual playfulness that by indulgence and persistence became a habit of the intellect.

Hood was a philanthropist in feeling, and, according to opportunity and ability, in action likewise. Among his finest efforts are those consecrated to humanity. He sung "The Song of the Shirt," — he wrote "The Bridge of Sighs." Had he written nothing else, these would prove the wide embrace of his pity, his strong sense of justice, and generous concern for the suffering. But the whole tone of his life is benevolent. The charity conspicuous at home did not stay there. He condemned and lamented the terrible social evils and harsh oppressions that stain our boasted Christian civilization. He had a tear for the pauper. He was the friend of the friendless, the overworked and poorly paid ; and he insisted on the compassion due to the outcast. His own trials of body and estate, instead of making him morbid and selfish, quickened and enlarged his sympathy for the distresses of others. In his weakness, almost from his death-bed, he dictated moving appeals for mercy, equity, and lenient judgments. Can we say as much of Lamb, who never, as we remember, penned a line professedly to do good, or avowedly to point a moral, — Lamb the recluse, indifferent to affairs of Church and State, unaffected by mightiest revolutions and bloodiest conflicts, — whom we cannot imagine taking up and advocating any "cause," — enlisted in any "mission"? Assuredly we can. He was an unconscious lover of his kind ; and being simply natural, the whole effect of his writings is humane. Sensitive and retiring, shut up with his fearful grief, nearly incapable of argument, averse to controversy, we should as soon think of seeing him on horseback heading a Balaclava charge, as seeing him appear in the character of a reformer. And yet how lavish of love he is! How he melts and purifies the heart! How he makes selfishness blush and meanness hide its head! How catholic in his whimsical bigotry! How broad in his droll affectation of narrowness! How completely sympathetic in his "Imperfect Sympathies"! Walking the streets of London as one isolated from the thronging crowds and unconcerned for the motley multitude, — save as here and there some decaying specimens of bygone times captivate his fancy for oddities, — who more than he awakens all disinterested affections by his own overflowing and ever-flowing love? He may

keep to himself,—a sort of moral hermit,—confine his genial regard to his “Wednesday Nights” and the chosen few; and still he sends his readers out into busy life more earnest for beneficent deeds. What is the explanation of this paradoxical fact? It may be found, we think, in an anecdote—hitherto unpublished—we recently heard. An intimate acquaintance wished to introduce Lamb to the W—s. He declined going, saying, “I don’t like them.” “How can that be, you don’t know them?” “I know I don’t know them. That’s the reason I don’t like them.” He could not help liking everybody he knew! He is a delightful instance of the truth that a deep and sincere sentiment, whatever may be the form, and however limited the visible field of its expression, cannot but exert a contagious power, reaching further than it knows or dreams of in its meek unconsciousness. You come from “Elia” as from the caresses and confidences of childhood, made more self-sacrificing and loving by the subtle magnetism of the guileless sincerity of outgushing hearts. His essays are full of exquisite irony, playfully veiling the tenderness of his nature. He is often saying the opposite of what he means; and you perceive his earnest purpose—not the less earnest, because he himself may be only half aware of its existence—shining through his banter, just as his devoted affection for his sister appears as truly in his quizzing as in his soberest protestations. If we wanted to save a man from misanthropy, shame him out of self-seeking and self-idolatry, teach him to see his brothers in chimney-sweeps, beggars, Scotchmen, and Quakers,—cure him of being a respecter of persons,—we would put him upon reading Charles Lamb; certain of effecting his deliverance by communion with one whose life, if not a stream of benevolence, was an ever-welling fountain of love.

Because of their large-heartedness Lamb and Hood were haters of everything that approached to cant. Pharisaism, with its “much speaking,” self-righteousness, and harsh condemnation of “publicans and sinners”—long-faced impertinence, in the egotism of its juiceless and ghastly belief violating with intrusive exhortations the courtesies of social life,—conceited assumptions of infallibility, dealing out its own partial judgments as the wrath of Heaven,—the charity of ostent-

tation, working with the machinery of display, to be seen of men,—the “out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness,”—for all this the wits had no respect, and all this they ridiculed and satirized as fair game. In their contempt for shams and counterfeits, they may sometimes have gone too far, and thereby exposed themselves to the allegations of infidelity and want of reverence brought against them. But the allegations are undeserved. The Memorials of Hood confirm the impression made by many of his poems, that he had a strong and active religious faith,—the central force of his fair life. And Lamb, when understood, is not for a moment to be deemed an unbeliever or a trifler with sacred things. He needs not the complete vindication and explanation of himself he wrote to Southey. His “Grace before Meat,” as we read it, is an extravagant and droll, but thoroughly sincere, exposure of the gross inconsistency of substituting customs and costumes, the worship of “the letter,” for genuine manifestations of the spirit. There is truth in every line of it,—truth of which the topic nominally discussed was only a single illustration,—truth which will commend itself to every reader not blinded by prejudice. Had we space at command, we think we could analyze this misinterpreted essay, making it clear that, while it satirizes an abuse, it indirectly recognizes the loving and bountiful Providence. Then, as to “New Year’s Eve,” we confess we cannot see the force of the objections to it. To us it seems natural, true, and mournfully solemn in its quaintness. It is a fine delineation of a mood, which all, not bent upon a perpetual make-believe,—not in bondage to the notion that to be religious implies the profession at least of an always steadfast faith and undimmed hope,—will admit was not a mood peculiar to “Elia;”—though, for obvious reasons, it may have beset him more than most men. The fact is, when we remember the honesty, openness, and humility of Lamb, his keen sense of the ludicrous, the way in which his thoughts flashed from one extreme to another, with a quickness of transition slower minds cannot realize, and how much there must have been in his manner, we can see that his unseasonable jests were not “wholly irreverent to ears that could understand,”—that “his fashion” of “treating serious things non-

"seriously" was in perfect harmony with the reverence and awe, "the suffused eye and quivering lip, with which he stammered out a reference to a name which he would not utter."

But we are anticipating, and must leave comparisons and contrasts to set forth distinctly the moral worth of Lamb and Hood. A debt of gratitude is due to them, which should be paid by the eulogy their excellence as men demands and justifies. They did much to expose a fallacy not yet wholly exploded. The idea still prevails, to some extent, that to be amusing or amused,—to contribute to the comic, or enjoy the comic in human life, except in a very solemn way,—is inconsistent with true seriousness and eminent goodness. The elongated face of a sort of traditionary asceticism, that is unable to adopt a generous Christian philosophy comprehensive enough in its induction to reconcile the life that now is, in all its forms, with that which is to come, thus finding a providential place for all gifts, all work, all play, not palpably vicious, is occasionally visible. To this asceticism, on the one hand, with its too much of what Coleridge calls "t' other worldliness," and to the hard, sordid, utilitarian earthly-mindedness which despises the lively doings of fancy and frolic as unproductive folly, on the other, is to be attributed, we suppose, the libel that those who make puns, crack jokes, tell good stories, and indulge in writing or reading fiction, cannot be religious or wise, pious or practical. Now, since laughter is so natural, sport so attractive,—since millions cannot well help indulging in merry recreations, and popularity is insured to those who provide them,—it is desirable, certainly, to have this erroneous reading of human nature corrected. And the most effectual refutation it receives is to be found in such lives as those of Lamb and Hood. They have been foremost favorites on account of their humorous and imaginative writings. Let us see what profound respect is due to their high qualities of soul.

Few men have left a cleaner record than Hood. He had no vices, bad habits, or weaknesses, that we are aware of, to be explained away or pardoned. Ill-health, and domestic tastes, and principle kept him from perilous indulgences to which literary wits are often exposed. Negatively irreproachable, the positive side of him is strong and bright. His correspondence

is frank, generous, and candid in respect to others, and modest as to himself. Genial and exuberant of humor in his social relations, he was also pure and refined. "Not a line of his writings can be charged with vulgarity," and the moral tone of them is unexceptionable. Before the world, in all respects, his character stands fair; and when we follow him into strictly private life, it is still without blemish. Little have the delighted readers of his mirth suspected the Spartan endurance the production of it cost; and few imagined that the melting pathos which so moved them was the tenderness of one almost as unfortunate as the subjects of his pitying song. He describes his condition for weary years when he writes to Lieutenant de Franck, "You know how my time is divided; first I am very ill, then very busy to make up for lost time, and then in consequence very jaded and knocked up, which ends generally in my being very ill again."

Add to this constant tyranny of ill-health a haunting solicitude as to his pecuniary resources,—and that during the best portion of his early manhood he was an exile in Germany, battling with in every sense a foreign climate,—and we have a complication of troubles sufficient to drive almost any man to despair. So long as he dragged on his lingering life,—with organic disease of the heart, frequent hemorrhages of the lungs, disordered stomach and liver,—so long he "seemed inevitably and sternly foredoomed to hard and incessant toil,"—toil too of the brain. Is it easy to conceive of a harder lot of its kind? And how was it accepted? Not without depression certainly, and yet with a wonderful cheerfulness, an enduring patience, a triumphant will. It has been truly said of Hood: "His sportive humor, like the rays from a crackling fire in a dilapidated building, had long played among the fractures of a ruined constitution, and flashed upon the world through the flaws and rents of a shattered wreck;" and it has been as truly added, "Infirm as was the fabric, the equal mind was never disturbed to the last." The sources of his mental and moral health are frequently suggested in his letters. Literature was a refuge and solace; and he escaped from the hardships of the actual by excursions into the ideal world. He often acknowledges the con-

servative and tranquillizing influence of books, and his indebtedness to them in time of distress. But not to the quiet of the study or the use of pen and pencil are we mainly to attribute his strength and serenity. These were the fruits of a wise philosophy and a religious faith. He says to his wife : “ For the sake of every one, I keep myself in fighting condition, and have brought myself to look forward with a firm and cheerful composure of mind.” He understood his case, and underneath his jesting phrases about it what earnestness of purpose ! “ I know it is rather against my complaint, this sedentary profession. I am, notwithstanding, in good heart and spirits. But who would think of such a creaking, croaking, blood-spitting wretch being the ‘ Comic ’ ? ” Who, indeed ? “ Never was there a more liberal hand and heart than his. He practised to the full that charity of which he recognized the beauty in these touching words : ‘ How kind are the poor to the poor ! ’ ” He reveals the sources of his own hope and trust in thus sympathizing with an afflicted friend : “ The only comfort I can offer you is the one which I have found most consolatory under the loss of dear relatives, — the belief that we do not love in vain ; that so surely as we must live, having lived, so we must love, having loved ; and that after some term longer or shorter, but a mere vibration of the great pendulum of eternity, we shall all be reunited. In the mean time let us *endure* as bravely as we can for the sake of others.” He struggled on to maturity, — an old man before his time, — when disease quickened its fell activity, and the last hours drew on apace. He met the result he had schooled himself to anticipate with a steady glance from beneath “ a brow scarred by the crooked autograph of pain.” The closing scenes harmonize — and therein lies their value — with all that preceded them. The humble confidence, patience, resignation, thoughtfulness of others, and gratitude for every kindness and blessing, which continued to the end, are visible in these paragraphs from his daughter’s pen : —

“ One night I was sitting up with him, my mother having gone to rest for a few hours, worn out with fatigue. He was seized, about twelve o’clock, with one of his alarming attacks of hemorrhage from the lungs. When it had momentarily ceased, he motioned for paper

and pencil, and asked ‘if I was too frightened to stay with him.’ I was too used to it now, and on my replying ‘No,’ he quietly and calmly wrote his wishes and directions on a slip of paper, as deliberately as if it were an ordinary matter. He forbade me to disturb my mother. When the doctor came, and ordered ice to be applied, my father wrote to remind me of a pond close by, where ice could be procured, nor did he forget to add a hint for refreshments to be prepared for the surgeon, who was to wait some hours to watch the case. This was in the midst of a very sudden and dangerous attack, that was at the time almost supposed to be his last.

“It was a lovely spring, and my father loved to see and feel all he could of it, drinking in his last measure of sunshine and fresh air more eagerly than he used to do. He always loved all nature like a child, and, I think, possessed to the full that rare faculty of enjoyment which even a clear day or a beautiful flower can bring to a finely sensitive mind, which, if it suffers keenly, enjoys keenly as well. He said once to us, ‘It’s a beautiful world, and since I have been lying here, I have thought of it more and more; it is not so bad, even humanly speaking, as people would make it out. I have had some very happy days while I lived in it, and I *could* have wished to stay a little longer. But it is all for the best, and we shall all meet in a better world!’

“Now, indeed, might all those who cavilled at his cheerful wit and genial philosophy (never directed against what was really high or holy) have taken a lesson how to die! Now, indeed, might they have seen how a great and good spirit, that had for many years daily battled with disease and privation, could, in the very prime of its mental power, calmly and solemnly lay down its burden and its toil. Those who doubted his religious belief, and were almost ready to say to him, like the lady he speaks of in his ‘Literary Reminiscences,’ ‘Mr. Hood, are you an Infidel?’ must then have felt the force of that *practical* faith and Christianity which could trust itself so readily and undoubtingly to the mercy of that great Creator, whose visible handwriting in His creation he had known and loved so well.

“Moreover, to prove that this was no mere ‘death-bed’ feeling, but the close of a consistent human life, if more testimony is wanting than his works for the good of mankind (of which he could truthfully say, on that death-bed, that he ‘never regretted a line’) — if, I repeat, further evidence is necessary to refute some unreasonable and groundless doubts that have rested on his memory, I will add one more proof.

“As a little child, my first prayer was learnt from my *father’s* lips, and repeated at his knee; my first introduction to the Bible, which he

honored too much to make a task-book, was from spelling out the words of the first chapter of the Sermon on the Mount as it lay open on his study table ; my earliest lessons of the love and beauty, hid in every created thing, were from the stores of his observant mind ; and my deepest and holiest teachings, too sacred for more than a mere allusion, were given often in the dead of the night, when I was sitting up, sometimes alone, by my father's dying-bed." — pp. 239 — 242.

" On the Thursday evening, May 1st, [1845,] he seemed worse ; and knowing himself to be dying, he called us round him, — my mother, my little brother, just ten years old, and myself. He gave us his last blessing, tenderly and fondly ; and then quietly clasping my mother's hand, he said, ' Remember, Jane, I forgive all, *all* as I hope to be forgiven ! ' He lay for some time calmly and peacefully, but breathing slowly and with difficulty. My mother bending over him heard him say faintly, ' O Lord ! say, " Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me ! " ' His last words were, ' Dying, dying ! ' as if glad to realize the rest implied in them. He then sank into what seemed a deep slumber. This torpor lasted all Friday ; and on Saturday at noon he breathed his last, without a struggle or a sigh." — p. 246.

To these impressive and significant extracts nothing need be added, except that hereafter the grave, sad face of Thomas Hood — wherein the gravity and sadness shadowed and hid the twinkling lines of humor — shall to the mind's eye beam with not a little of the saintly look which glorifies the victors in the good fight.

The "Final Memorials" have lifted the cloud and solved the dark mystery ; and it is no longer necessary to mingle pity and regret with admiration of Lamb. Now that all is known, only miserably bigoted, hypercritical self-righteousness can, it seems to us, stand in the presence of his transcendent virtue to indulge in stinted and hesitating esteem, because of frailties he never concealed and was the first to acknowledge and lament. Waiving, then, all apologies and qualifications as impertinent, a simple sketch will be enough to show, in the "Elia" all love, the hero and the martyr all should reverence.

Lamb's only sister was ten years his senior. He loved her with a love surpassing that of woman. She was his friend, guide, guardian angel, who watched with maternal solicitude

over his infancy, and advised his manhood with an instinctive wisdom no service of his could repay. He said he was like a fool, bereft of her co-operation; that without her he did not dare to think, lest he should think wrong; that he looked up to her in the least and the biggest perplexity; that she was older, better, and wiser than he; that in all his wretched imperfections he covered himself by resolutely thinking on her goodness; that she would share life and death, heaven and hell, with him; that she lived but for him; that he could conceal nothing from her; and that to say all he knew of her would be more, he thought, than anybody could believe or understand. These are but samples of the sentences always slipping from his pen about Mary, who was never absent from his thought or heart, and who was endeared to him not only by her fine mind and moral loveliness, but also by the memory of a fearful domestic tragedy, in which she was the principal actress, and by recurrences at intervals of a sickness worse than death.

When Lamb was about twenty, his father was in his dotage,—his mother an infirm cripple. In care of the latter,—night and day, and sewing to help support the family,—Mary, predisposed to insanity, had worn herself out. Just before dinner, on Thursday, September 22, 1796, she had a sudden attack of frenzy, and, seizing a case-knife from the table, pursued, in a menacing manner round the room, the little servant-girl. On the call of her mother to her to forbear, she rushed toward her aged parent and stabbed her to the heart, killing her almost instantly. Charles reached the room just in time to snatch the fatal weapon from the maniac's hand, to see his father weeping by the side of the lifeless body, himself bleeding from a wound received from one of the forks the involuntary murderer had been hurling about the apartment. Mary was at once sent to an asylum, where she remained while her father lived. When he died,—she having recovered her reason, and viewing religiously and calmly, as she did ever afterward, the terrible catastrophe of which, by an inscrutable Providence, she had been the innocent and unconscious agent,—Charles at once resolved to bring his sister home, engaging to take charge of her through life, though he

was then hardly of age, and had once been himself the inmate of a madhouse. To fulfil the sacred trust, as he regarded it, he sold himself to the uncongenial toil of the counting-room, practised the most careful economy without ceasing to be generous, gave up all young hopes, resolved to live for Mary and Mary alone. According to all the accounts given of her, indorsing her brother's incessant eulogy, she was worthy this great sacrifice. Hazlitt, cynical as he was, said, "Mary Lamb was the only truly sensible woman he ever met with;" and others describe her as remarkable for "the sweetness of her disposition, the clearness of her understanding, and the gentle wisdom of all her acts and words," — making it quite plain that Lamb's portrait of her — slightly caricatured by the sly banter of affection, under the assumed name of Bridget Elia — is neither flattered nor over-colored.

The madness that wrought the homicidal act was but the prelude to attacks of insanity occurring every year, — attacks whose coming the sufferer learned to anticipate by certain premonitory symptoms. When she felt their approach, she serenely and resolutely prepared herself and her brother to meet them. So Charles and Mary Lamb lived each for the other for twoscore years, the sad recollections and the sad trials uniting them fully known only to their earlier and most intimate friends. So Charles and Mary Lamb went on their lonely way, — taking what snatches of pleasure they could between the acts of their distressful drama; so they walked their pilgrimage under the shadow of a great sorrow, through which shone only fitful gleams of sunshine; so their days alternated between the perfect confidence of congenial souls and seasons of dark and desolate separation, — cheered to one by the forgetfulness of insanity, but leaving to the other only a dreary blank!

Can it be necessary to add a syllable to this statement to prove that Lamb was all we have claimed for him? Think of him, frail of body, nervous in temperament, delicately organized throughout every department of his nature, resigning all the natural yearnings of youth, working six hours a day at the dry task of book-keeping, driving away haunting and besetting madness from his own brain, watching over the being

dearest to him on earth,— who at any moment might, and at short intervals must, be torn from him, to pass weeks or months in frenzy, lost to him as entirely as if she were dead ;— think of Lamb thus, and then review his Essays, with their pains-taking neatness of style, their pensive pathos, their beautiful cabinet pictures and expressive portraits, their flashes of wit, genial humor, passages of quaint wisdom, delightful manifestations of a thoughtful soul,— review these Essays, read the circumstances under which they were written, the strange, suffering existence amidst whose barrenness and tempests they budded and blossomed,— do this, and will you dream of letting the old, exaggerated stories of the author's intemperance, or the occasional outbreaks of a wild drollery, or the frank exposure of moods of doubt and half-despair, or any of his slight violations of the moralities and the proprieties becoming certainly to every man, prevent you from acknowledging that the gentle-hearted Charles was *stout-hearted* likewise, an example of religious fidelity ? For strength of will, rare conscientiousness, patient and long-enduring submission, disinterested affection, manifested in the privacy of home, with no stimulus from the world's applause, no looking for fame or reward,— for all this, so noble and true, was he not one of the best of men ? to be honored for strength shewn in weakness, the practice of divinest virtues in the midst and in spite of some yieldings to besetting temptations ? Shall the blemishes,— sins, if you will,— which in him were almost strictly physical and constitutional, diseases of the body, obscure for a moment the lustre of his graces, or check the homage due to the manifestations of his large, loving, and loyal soul ?

ART. VI.—THE WORLD'S NEED OF WOMAN.

1. *Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, Abroad and at Home.*
By MRS. JAMESON. 1855.
2. *The Communion of Labor.* By MRS. JAMESON. 1856. Re-published in one volume by Ticknor and Fields, Boston. 1859.
3. *Reports and Realities from the Sketch-Book of a Manager of the Rosine Association.* Philadelphia: John Duross, Printer. 1855.

MRS. JAMESON's special object, in both her books, is to enforce the necessity of men and women's working together in *beneficence*, technically so called. She appears to have been struck and stimulated by a fact which a recent census had developed in Great Britain, namely, that there are in that island five hundred thousand more women than men. She considers this a providential indication that women are destined to other employments than the strictly maternal and wifely. If five thousand, that is one hundredth, of these five hundred thousand women could employ themselves in nursing the sick poor, and reforming the guilty, much more than a thousandth part of the misery of Great Britain would be relieved, and all who did it would be ennobled by the work, which, if only one sex are engaged, women can do better than men, and which would be done still better than if they worked alone, should they work in concurrence with men.

She fortifies her views by quoting the well-considered declarations of Howard and other thoughtful philanthropists, respecting the arrangements of Continental institutions of charity, giving historical sketches of the *Hospitalières*, an order of women founded in the seventh century, who have nursed for the last thousand years, in the Hôtel Dieu, with its thousand beds,—in the St. Louis, with its seven hundred beds,—and in La Pitié, with its six hundred beds;—of the *Beguines*, who for an equal length of time have served in all the hospitals of Flanders, and one portion of them, the Sisters of St. Martha, in three hospitals in Paris, and several in the South of France;—of the *Gray Sisters*, founded in the thirteenth century, among whom, she says, “have been enrolled queens, princesses, ladies of rank, wives of burghers, as well as widows

and maidens," for this order did not take vows of celibacy, or seclude themselves in cloisters, but were simply bound to submit to certain rules and regulations, training them to do good whenever and wherever called upon;—of the *Sisters of St. Elizabeth* in Hungary and Germany, who, together with the *Beguines* and *Ursulines*, were excepted by Joseph II. from his general proscription of the religious orders, "because of the usefulness of their vocation;"—and, finally, of the *Sisters of Charity*, who originated, as Mrs. Jameson says, rather with Madame Legras than with Vincent St. Paul. What she says with respect to the inception of this last order is of such importance to our general subject that we must extract it.

"While the men who professed the healing art were generally astrologers and alchymists, dealing in charms and nativities, lost in dreams of the Elixir Vitæ and the Philosopher's Stone, and in such mummeries and quackeries as made them favorite subjects for comedy and satire, these simple sisters in their hospitals were accumulating a vast fund of practical and traditional knowledge of the treatment of disease, and the use of various remedies,—knowledge which was turned to account and condensed into rational theory and sound method, when, in the sixteenth century, surgery and medicine first rose to the rank of experimental sciences, and were studied as such. The poor *Hospitalières* knew nothing of Galen and Hippocrates, but they could observe, if they could not describe, and prescribe, if they could not demonstrate. Still, in the course of time, great abuses certainly crept into these religious societies;—not so bad or so flagrant, perhaps, as those which disgraced, within a recent period, many of our own incorporated charities; but bad enough, and vitiating, if not destroying, their power to do good. The funds were sometimes misappropriated, the novices ill-trained for their work, the superiors careless, the sisters mutinous, the treatment of the sick rude and empirical. Women of sense and feeling, who wished to enroll themselves in these communities, were shocked and discouraged by such a state of things. A reform became absolutely necessary.

"This was brought about, and very effectually; about the middle of the seventeenth century.

"Louise de Marillac, better known as Madame Legras, when left a widow in the prime of life, could find, like Angela da Brescia (founder of the Ursulines in 1537), 'no better refuge from sorrow than in active duties undertaken for the love of God.' She desired to join the *Hospitalières*, and was met at the outset by difficulties, and even hor-

rors, which would have extinguished a less ardent vocation, a less determined will. She set herself to remedy these evils, instead of shrinking from them. She was assisted and encouraged in her good work by a man endued with great ability and piety, enthusiasm equal, and moral influence even superior to her own. This was the famous Vincent St. Paul, who had been occupied for years with a scheme to reform thoroughly the prisons and hospitals of France. In Madame Legras he found a most efficient coadjutor. With her charitable impulses and religious enthusiasm, she united qualities not always nor often found in union with them,—a calm and patient temperament, and that administrative faculty indispensable in those who are called to such privileged work. She was particularly distinguished by a power of selecting and preparing the instruments, and combining the means, through which she was to carry out her admirable purpose. With Vincent St. Paul and Madame Legras was associated another person, Madame Gossant, who besieged the Archbishop of Paris till what was refused to reason was granted to importunity, and they were permitted to introduce various improvements into the administration of the hospitals. A lower class of sisters were trained to act under the direction of the more intelligent and educated women. Within twenty years this new community had two hundred houses and hospitals; in a few years more it had spread over all Europe. Madame Legras died in 1660. Already, before her death, the women, prepared and trained under her instructions, and under the direction of Vincent St. Paul, (and here we have another instance of the successful *communion* of labor,) had proved their efficiency on some extraordinary occasions. In the campaigns of 1652 and 1658, they were sent to the field of battle, in groups of two and four together, to assist the wounded. They were invited into the besieged towns to take charge of the military hospitals. They were particularly conspicuous at the siege of Dunkirk, and in the military hospitals established by Anne of Austria at Fontainebleau. When the plague broke out in Poland in 1672, they were sent to the hospitals in Warsaw, and to take charge of the orphans, and were thus introduced into Eastern Europe; and, stranger than all! they were even sent to the prison-infiraries, where the branded *forçats* and condemned felons lay cursing and writhing in their fetters. This was a mission for Sisters of Charity which may startle the refined, or confined, notions of Englishwomen in the nineteenth century. The same experiment has been lately tried, and with success, in the prisons of Piedmont. The hardest of these wretches had probably some remembrance of a mother's voice and look thus recalled, or he could at least feel gratitude for sym-

pathy from a purer, higher nature. As an element of reformation, I might almost say of regeneration, this use of the feminine influence has been found efficient where all other means have failed."

She goes on to quote authorities on this last point. Howard attributes the superiority of French to English prisons to "the employment and intervention of women in a manner, he says, which has no parallel in England," and Mrs. Jameson laments that the striking remarks and suggestions respecting the influence of women, which abound in Howard's works, do not seem to have been noticed; for he bears testimony not only to the neatness and bodily comfort which the presence of women insures, but to their medical knowledge and pharmaceutic science. In the hospital of Bruges, he says, "they prepare as well as administer medicines. The Directress of the Pharmacy celebrated last year her jubilee, or fiftieth year of residence in the hospital." Describing the principal hospital at Lyons, attended by nine physicians and surgeons, and managed by twelve Sisters of Charity, he says: "There were sisters who made up, as well as administered, all the medicines prescribed; for which purpose there was a laboratory and apothecary's shop, the neatest and most elegantly fitted up that can be conceived."

Mrs. Jameson herself visited a hospital in Vienna of fifty beds, ministered to by the Elizabethan sisters. She says: "On the ground floor was an extensive Pharmacy, a sort of Apothecary's Hall. Part of this was divided off by a long table or counter, and surrounded by shelves filled with drugs, much like an apothecary's shop. Behind the counter, two sisters, with their sleeves turned up, were busy, weighing and compounding medicines with such a delicacy, neatness, and exactitude as women use in such matters. . . . A physician and surgeon appointed by the government visited this hospital, and were resorted to in cases of difficulty, or where operations were necessary. Here was another instance in which men and women worked together harmoniously and efficiently."

The reformation of the guilty is a kind of work in which there is a crying need of women, not merely or chiefly on account of their tenderness, but because of the strong *moral* characteristic of the female mind. In this department, Catho-

lic women, however, cannot be expected to have especially great results, as the Catholic religion makes small account of moral and intellectual science, and by consequence its devotees know but one method, namely, to quench the passions by superstitious submission, and in an agony of conscience to give up that will which makes men moral agents in the first place. Religious excitement is all the discipline that they can recommend. Our Protestant women have not this subtraction from their resources, and, as Mrs. Jameson says, "the expedient of bringing the female mind and temperament to bear on the masculine brain, (and, of course, *vice versa,*) as a physical and moral resource, is worth a thought; being in accordance with that law of nature, or Divine ordinance, which placed the two sexes under mutual and sympathetic influences; not always, as the stupid and profligate suppose, for evil and temptation, but for good and healing; not in one or two relations of life, but in every possible relation in which they can be approximated."

We must refer our readers to the books of Mrs. Jameson for a large amount of encouraging and excellent remark that we have not space to quote, and which, we think, will convince any one who may be inclined to doubt, that the communion of men and women in the work of medicating both mind and body, when diseased, is altogether more desirable than the employment of only one sex; and that woman should *predominate* in this field of labor.

Nor is it true, as it may be suggested, that women dominated by the Roman Catholic Church are, on that account, better fitted even for hospital charity. There are Protestant associations which prove the contrary. Mrs. Jameson gives the history of Kaiserwerth, where Miss Florence Nightingale went through a regular course of training before she took charge of the Female Sanitarium in London; and similar institutions for the training of Protestant nurses and teachers have been opened at Paris, Strasbourg, Berlin, Dresden, and ten other places,—all emanating from the same source (Kaiserwerth), and counting hundreds of members. This is conclusive, as we wish we could show by extracting all her narrative. For Kaiserwerth was only founded in 1833, and in

1848 the Catholic sisters, in all parts of the world, amounted only to about twelve thousand,—hardly more than a fiftieth part of the surplus female population of Great Britain, although many of the orders are a thousand years old, and many causes besides the mere attractions of charity have contributed to swell their numbers.

"As no inducement," says Mrs. Jameson, "but the gratification of charity is offered to the Protestant sisters, any more than to the Catholic,—no prospect of pecuniary reward, or praise, or reputation,—nothing in short, but the opportunity of working for the sake of God and humanity, so, if this motive does not appear sufficient for them, they are dismissed. When they have been accepted, and act in their profession, they receive yearly a small sum for clothing,—nothing more. They can take from those they serve no fee or reward; but, in age or illness, the parent institution is bound to provide for them."

In the United States, a step has been taken beyond European institutions, whether Catholic or Protestant. The brave Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell have initiated the era of thoroughly educated and equally paid women physicians; and, by the establishment of the Infirmary for women and children in Bleecker Street, New York, to whose wards all women students of medicine are admitted to see the operations and dissections by the masterly hand of Miss Emily, it is made possible that a medical education, equal to that given to men, may be obtained without a European residence like that which the Drs. Blackwell themselves enjoyed. The Philadelphia Medical School for women is illustrated by the genius of Dr. Ann Preston, whose lectures on physiology are often repeated to other audiences than those of the school. The Medical Schools of Geneva and Cleveland, dissecting-room and all, are open to women, and a fully accredited graduate from the last has practised in Boston. Finally, a Medical School for women is opened in Springfield Street, Boston, superintended by Dr. Marie Zakszewska, who was educated by Dr. Schmidt, late of the Royal Medical Institute of Berlin, and intended by him to be his successor, as she was long his assistant demonstrator in anatomy, and his occasional substitute as a lecturer on clinical

science. But his untimely death, by cholera, prevented the consummation of his plan, which required his personal influence with the king. It is, however, an interesting fact, that the foundation for the education of women in clinical science was an old one, dating in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, endowed by a lady of high rank, in consequence of her being indebted for her own life to the science and skill of a woman of that early day.

It was because the obstacles to the general introduction of women to the full privileges of the medical profession in Europe appeared, to her imagination, greater than they could be in America, that Madame Zakszewska resigned her professorship in the Royal Institute, together with many private students; perhaps unadvisedly, for Dr. Schmidt was not alone among the physicians of Berlin to predict, that, in the next century, medical practice would be largely in the hands of women, as thoroughly educated as men for the purpose, and with the advantage of greater natural aptitude..

Paid professional labor in this department is therefore now a mere question of time, for it is initiated as a principle on both sides of the Atlantic. And we can say of the same, in passing, with respect to all branches of science, from the most abstruse, — witness Mary Somerville, of England, and Maria Mitchell, of America,— through all the walks of literature and art.

In this country, besides, it is settled that Labor, in every department, from the digging of the earth to the highest activity of the Fine Arts, through all the pursuits of Science and Philosophy, is the vocation of every human being, the scene of his sovereignty, or divine sonship; and the question of questions is, How is it to be distributed? This question alters as the race advances in civilization,— as science, by inventing machinery, puts most kinds of work within the power of the weakest and most delicate physique. The old plan, of giving to men all the heavy bodily labor, and leaving to women, though only in some departments, the finishing processes, did, in earlier, ruder times, necessarily exclude the latter from the most remunerating occupations. Now, machinery that a woman's hand may set in motion, substituted for the tougher sinew and muscle of man, precludes any reason for making

difference of wages; and the very simple principle of making every kind of labor free to the taste and faculty which is irrespective of sex, settles the question of distribution. As mind is more and more incarnated in human activity, labor tends to become lighter to the flesh, and the old reasons for the division of labor give way to those for communion of exerted power. It is the blind *vis inertiae* of conservatism that hinders intelligent adjustment of this matter.

We differ with many persons in respect to one remedy suggested, in order to raise the wages and honor of women's work. We do not believe it is to be done by attempting to make rich women work for money. The honor will come of itself whenever the work is done well. Be it merely nursing, like Florence Nightingale's; novel-writing, like Maria Edgeworth's and Harriet Beecher Stowe's; painting, like Rosa Bonheur's; sculpture, like Harriet Hosmer's; the histrionic art, like Mrs. Siddons's, Mrs. Kemble's, Rachel's, or Charlotte Cushman's,—there is no lack of honor without a question or drawback on account of sex when the merit is unquestionable.

Even the question of wages will be settled fairly, as soon as the quality of the work is generally good. Women are rapidly attaining to as high pay for teaching in this country as men, and would have it universally, but for an argument based on the undoubted fact that men more often support women than women support men by their labors. This fallacy, and some conventions of society, and time-honored laws, are to be changed before justice in respect to wages is attained. Men are dominated more than they realize by laws respecting women which originated in a far different society than the present. The laws of coverture and of partial inheritance of property can be traced back, with very small modifications, through the middle ages of Christendom, old Rome, and old Athens, to the Indian code of Menu, where, in so many words, it is stated that women have no immortal destiny unless married; indeed, have one when married only as they serve the individuality of their husbands, dead or alive, with menial labor and self-sacrifice. Hence it is not wonderful that the birth of a daughter is received by the Hindoo in silence and sadness, though the

birth of a son is the most festal occasion ; for it is considered so "great a shame" if a daughter is not engaged for marriage at eight years old, that she is sometimes made, when only twelve years old, the hundredth wife of an old man of eighty, that she may have the privilege of dying on his funeral pile ; or, since the British have forbidden widow-burning, serving him dead by a life of tortures, prescribed by the priesthood, one item of which is that they shall always be hungry. These laws for the crushing of women are in force to-day in India ; and all over Asia are kindred laws, which have never been abrogated in their principle even in progressive Europe. For, though Germanic laws are a great improvement in respect to everything pertaining to human freedom in general, an instinct for freedom having probably, in the first place, produced the emigration of the Germanic race from Asia, yet even they do not allow to women the same privileges of individuality as to men. And although the Christian religion, which knows neither male nor female in Christ, is a full charter for women's soul, yet, because Christianity comes to us practically amalgamated with the Asia-derived Roman life, which, as Dr. Arnold has proved in his History of Rome, made women by law chattel-slaves of their male relations, it has never quite broken the influence of tradition ; and thus it is, that European and American women still live under Asiatic laws, while the energy of modern men has entirely thrown off that old sacerdotism from all their own special walks in life.

That this loss to society of women, as a free element, was not the primitive doctrine of the human race, appears from much of opposite significance still preserved in the superstitious practices and most ancient sacred books of India itself. The Goddess of Learning, also the Goddess of the River, for whom their great river Gunga is named, have legendary histories that show that they originated in historical women, at a period when women were not at all subordinated to men, but were looked up to as shrines of the Divinity. But the change had occurred before the laws of Menu were indicted, as any one can see who will examine Sir William Jones's translation of that work.

And to leave consideration of these remote historic investi-

gations, we have seen that, just as society rises in the intellectual scale, the sword giving way to the pen or machinery, and the artisan rising into the artist, the warrior sinks below the civilian; or, like Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney of the age of Elizabeth, mingles civil with military culture. And just in the same proportion, woman must rise to her natural position beside her brother and husband; for in the intellectual and artistic world she is naturally his equal, being certainly no less ideal.

Recorded history bears us out in this statement on all its pages. When the Grecian world rested from its war-labors in the age of Pericles, we began to hear of Aspasia, his counsellor and wife, whom historic criticism has lately vindicated from the aspersions of her own and Pericles's personal enemies. When Rome had conquered a peace in the first centuries of the empire, Hypatia appeared in the school of Alexandria, inferior to none of her male contemporaries, as a lecturer in philosophy; when the Italian republics were at their intellectual height, the Italian women, especially the female law-lecturers of Bologna, were unsurpassed by the other sex in learning and genius. In diplomatic circles, and on the thrones of modern Europe, women have displayed a grandeur of talent, and wielded a power, that was irrefragable. The late queen of Portugal, the present queen of Spain, Victoria of England, and the Archduchess Sophia of Austria, are no more inferior to Louis Napoleon, the king of Piedmont, the Czar of Russia, than to Isabella of Castile, Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, and Maria Theresa. They are superior to the king of Prussia and the emperor of Austria. If Mrs. Dall's statistics of female poverty and vice are correct, there is no end to the field of charitable labor which immediately opens before the Christian women of our cities. The State institutions for the reformation of young offenders need female officers who love the vocation of charity, as they are paid but little; and there are so few of them to each institution, that either wholly incompetent hirelings or philanthropists must take them. In Lancaster, Mass., for instance, the heroic women that have entered on these labors calmly took into account that, if they do their duty, they must be broken down for life in three years! The

strain upon the mind and nerves of these women, who have truly the spirit of martyrdom, must be seen to be credited. Refuge houses for tempted women, like the one in Philadelphia, of which Mrs. Mira Townsend was the soul and inspiration, should be opened in every city. The "Reports and Realities," which is one of the books that we have set at the head of our article, consists of extracts from Mrs. Townsend's Reports to the persons who supported her enterprise. We wish we could give all the Reports, for they afford a most encouraging, general history of many years of the success of the Rosine, thrilling with interesting memoirs of particular cases. This volume ought to be in the public libraries of all our cities, as a direction to all those women who may choose for their field of labor this division of the great harvest of redemption.

Another large field for the action of women is made by the jails and so-called houses of correction in all our counties and cities. The newspapers of Boston were lately overflowing with details of one species of official abuse, or at least of neglect, that women directors would have remedied at once, if not prevented altogether. Another evil of municipal law, as sometimes administered, is the fact that ten times as many girls as are convicted of the crime of petty larceny are accused and committed to jail every year ; and these simply unfortunate persons are thrust in, to await their trials, among the most corrupt specimens of their sex, sometimes of both sexes. In Boston, the Chief of Police informs us, such a thing as this is now impossible ; but not, we fear, in some other American cities. "I would rather have followed my girl to the grave," said the mother of an accused waiter at one of the first-class hotels, who was found on trial *not guilty*, "than that she should have been two days in the midst of such wickedness as she had before had no conception of." Many a girl, in short, dates her ruin from such an experience ; and multitudes of innocent girls are constantly exposed to it, circumstantial evidence leading to false accusations, which there is no complete remedy for, or means of preventing. Thefts in a house always, in the first place, subject the servants to suspicion, although, in the end, the children of the house, or even the guests, are sometimes found to be the guilty ones. But the exposure of the accused, who may be

guiltless, to enforced companionship of the very bad, can be prevented by love, if not by law. It might be done, in a great degree, by a woman of elevated, disinterested motives, and good judgment of character, who should reside in the jail, and see every accused woman when first brought in, classifying them according to probable character, and always providing for the preservation of the self-respect and courage of the possibly innocent. Is it asked, Who would take such a situation? We know a woman of a family ranked among the first families of Boston, who sighed and worked for years to be appointed to such a place, from her deep conviction of its importance. In any large city or county, among those capable of discharging such a duty, there would perhaps always be found *one* at least, were one called for,—some natural philanthropist, or some bereaved or disappointed soul for whom life has become a pain, and who can only find joy again by acting in those general relations of humanity which Jesus has shown to awaken a love stronger than death. Often a year or two of such life would be a no less salutary experience for a noble woman, than it would be a blessing to the objects of the charity. On the other hand, the possibility of appointments of this kind would abate the nuisance of women sighing for a vocation,—perishing, as has been said at women's conventions, for want of something to do,—not able to be interested in their own education, because they do not see how the resources they gain thereby are to be employed when their studies are finished!

We do not mean to flout women's conventions altogether, for we believe they originated in honest convictions of duty, though we think they might have done more good, and attained the objects of the best of their authors, had they been summoned to consider *duties*, instead of to demand *rights*, making known to each other all social exigencies produced by the imperfect organization of imperfect society. Who would have ridiculed, or could have misrepresented, inquiry into duties? and such a *name* would have precluded the entrance of such women as have disgraced, we think irretrievably, "Womens' Rights Conventions." The committees of inquiry into women's duties might have been related with committees

of remedy. Such committees, being formed irrespective of political sect, could easily gain access to all public institutions, just as the Sisters of Charity do, by simply asking permission. Bands of workers could be made ready to be called on by the committees of remedy, when the latter see that specific things ought to be done. Thus the women of every community would be organized for charity and prevention of internal disorders, just as the men are for more external political interests. Duties involve rights by consequence, and every woman would be recognized as of course to have the right to attend meetings for the charity of purifying society at its fountain-heads, just as every man is recognized as having a right to attend town-meetings and political conventions for the organization of national defence and advancement; and the State would protect the right. There are as many women in our country who have leisure from domestic, as men who have leisure from mercantile and professional business, to serve all these truly conservative social interests, without taking into account their superior tact. If men shrink, as they do, from having their mothers, sisters, and wives *know* what moral abuses hang round all our boasted institutions, does not that very shrinking prove that their presence and this knowledge is necessary? The next thing will be that these sons, brothers, and husbands will shrink from *being* other than they would have their female relations and friends know,—will “cease to do evil, and learn to do well.” On the other hand, the moral and social sensibility of women, that, in view of such results, can shrink from such contact, is a misnomer for sentimental nonsense. Did not the Soul whom all women worship as the source and model of their moral tenderness and purity, the Son of man, whom nations and ages of the highest cultivation the world has yet seen have acknowledged to be the Son of God *par excellence*, in the modest consciousness of his divine virtue, go in and sit at meat with the publican and sinner, and soothe with gentle words, instead of shrinking from the contact of “the woman who was a sinner”? You are not purer and tenderer, fair lady, than was he. But if your sphere is so delicate as to shiver and agonize at the external touch of sin and degradation, *fill it out* with the effluence of a purifying Chris-

tian virtue, and it will not only become a wall of adamant round about yourself, but will shine into the thick darkness, and change it, perforce, into the colors of glorious light, "shining more and more unto the perfect day." A virtue will go out of you, as it did out of Christ, palpable to human sense.

We do not speak of what merely might be, but what is. Miss Dix has had no difficulty because she was a woman, in presenting her memorials to legislatures and Congress, but has been treated with respect, and had much success. In England, where social science is now the study of all classes, from Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst down, the communion of men and women has never been disputed. The secretary of the great convention for social science, over which these gentlemen preside, is a woman. In the English Parliament the memorials of such persons as Florence Nightingale, her cousin, Barbara Leigh Bodichon, and Mary Carpenter, are listened to, considered, and acted upon, with as much respect and deference as those of any men whatever; though, except the daughter of Lady Nightingale, they are obliged to overcome, not only the prejudice arising from sex, but that of rank,—being commoners.

We are constantly revising the statutes. Doubtless, whoever has this duty laid upon him consults with merchants and other classes as to the revision of those statutes bearing upon their business; but do we call together and consult with women respecting the laws that are to affect them? We have heard of a distinguished lawyer, in one of our large cities, to whom this grave office of recommending revision was committed, on whose attention a woman, who had no incitement but that of a general sympathy with the sufferers of her sex, pressed the subject of women's having control of their own earnings, and the right to retain their children when separated from vicious, cruel, or improvident husbands by no fault of their own. And this distinguished man did not hesitate to say to his friends, that he owed new and important views to this woman's suggestions. But it should not be one woman's accidental sympathy and courage from which so important a portion of the code should receive its modification. Women

ought always to be consulted, and their consent, as a class, asked, with respect to all laws that bear on themselves, because they can best judge what circumstances will give them most liberty to be useful.

It may be that our great social mistake is in leaving women out of municipal life, which is quite another thing from political life, as politics are understood. In a paper on Municipal Government, published by the Manchester Statistical Society, Mrs. Jameson finds the following observations : —

"In carrying out these and various other objects of importance, I am persuaded that the agency of the female sex is necessary ; and that, without the well-organized aid of benevolent and educated women, municipal government will ever remain limited and imperfect. I do not contemplate the formal election of females to municipal offices, although this would appear, from 'Grant on Corporations,' not to be without precedent 'in England, where women, we know, are still *by law* eligible as overseers of the poor, and capable of filling the highest office in the kingdom.' "

An office, it may be added, never filled with greater profit to England and civilization, than when Elizabeth selected and appointed all the great officers of government, and kept them responsible to herself. Sir Walter Scott, in Kenilworth, makes some remarks on Elizabeth's ability in this regard, which proves that he thought one woman capable of it. And how was it with Isabella of Spain ? Joanna of Naples ? the mother of Francis I. of France ? and Catherine II. of Russia ? That some active queens have equalled men in knavery and profligacy, as well as talent, is nothing to the purpose here. The point is, that their sex did not disqualify them for political economy and action. It is a modern heresy among the Germanic nations to refuse to woman the need of ability as a counsellor of government. And all the officers of our Republic may be considered as hardly more than counsellors for the nonce,—their executive terms are so short.

Mrs. Jameson also quotes John Robertson, who says, in his " Suggestions for the Improvement of Municipal Government in Populous Manufacturing Towns":* "A number of years ago, in a paper read before the Society, entitled 'Thoughts

* Published by the Manchester Statistical Society, 1854.

on the Excess of Adult Females in the Population of Great Britain, with Reference to its Causes and Consequences,' I endeavored to show that women in Christian countries are probably designed for duties more in number and in importance than have yet been assigned them." Again : "I own that I cannot but regard the population of our large towns as in a very unsatisfactory state ; and feel persuaded that the wisest, the best-devised regulations enforced by the police alone, as is the case at present, will not succeed ; but I think that a body of educated ladies for each ward, acting in concert with the legal authorities, would be found of wonderful service in detecting radical evils, especially the sources of preventable poverty ; or, what is much the same, the various temptations which beset the laborer's family, from bad laws and defective arrangements of different kinds,— owing to which the amount of sickness, poverty, immorality, and unhappiness is at all times appallingly great."

Legouvé is also quoted by Mrs. Dall, in her book, as asking, " Why should not the immense variety of bureaucratic and administrative employments be given up to women ? " Why not, indeed ? And if such suggestions are made, and questions asked, in Europe, how much more are they applicable in America ? Never, certainly, until these sovereign democratic republics existed, was there such a demand upon the thoughtful to purify and save society from its own dark side, as just here and now. Look at the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and see what they are ; and think for a moment of what would probably be the effect of calling a convention of their women to deliberate and take into consideration the various municipal questions which relate to their moral welfare ? Suppose them, in the first place, to deliberate in independent assemblies, so that the wisest and best among them might have their natural chance to rise to the leading positions, and give some form and expression to their sense of what part women should take, and to learn an orderly way of doing business. In the Middle States there are Quaker women, taught by their church organization how to do business, who could teach them the way of proceeding, in a quiet and effective way, in municipal meetings ; while in all the States there

are fine original minds, whose more vigorous and generous culture could elevate and make practical the last results of human thought.

The counsels and suggestions of these meetings might at first take the form of resolutions, to be submitted to the municipal meetings of men. A generation would hardly pass away before the effect of such a council in each of our great cities would sensibly ameliorate the manners, if not the morals, of the whole country.

ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

PERSONAL religion has been so real a thing in the better English culture, and has so blended itself with the good sense and the intellectual habit of that people, that we cannot expect their conscience to rest easy, till every effort is exhausted to reconcile the prevailing philosophy — whatever it may chance to be — with the tone of the established faith. We have already recorded a very remarkable essay to this end, the argument of Miss Hennell, to effect it by converting the theses of materialism and necessity into the pabulum of the religious life. We have before us now an essay equally remarkable, of equal ability and sincerity, which aims at the same general result in the exactly opposite direction,—by proving materialism impossible, and sublimating the facts of natural science in the fervor of an intense and glowing piety.*

Of Mr. Poynting we know absolutely nothing but what we gather from his book. Like all religious men who have thought and felt for themselves, he craves some intellectual vision, some *theoria*, which shall bring the hemispheres of truth into harmonious adjustment. He says, very strikingly, “I inquired anxiously with myself why the faith of modern days seemed so weak, puny, and unreal, compared to the faith of earlier times, and I found it was that God has made it the law of the human mind that it shall not be able to have any belief, deep, real, earnest, unless that belief is in *harmony* with the rest of the mind’s convictions and feelings; and I saw that in modern times such a flood of new ideas had been poured upon the mind, that the work of harmonizing our faith with knowledge had become gigantic.” (pp. 349, 350.)

After setting forth his craving for a higher intellectual, poetic, moral and religious life, he proceeds — often in strains of great beauty and elo-

* *Glimpses of the Heaven that lies about us.* By T. E. POYNTING. London: E. T. Whitfield.

quence — to set forth the results he has attained, in a twofold way, under the two titles, "Seeing with the Imagination" (pp. 3—345), and "Verifying by the Reason" (pp. 349—432). Under the first, a sort of "hierarchy of the sciences," or view of the highest generalizations of natural fact and human history, is presented in the guise of a vision, and instructions imparted to a disembodied spirit by angelic ministers. A hasty glance at this portion might remind one of a good deal of the recent literature of "Spiritualism," — a style of writing which makes an experiment of this sort rather hazardous. Even a careless reader, however, can see that the underlying truths have been faithfully studied out, and are presented in all earnestness and candor. Even a novice in the sciences can find pleasure in the extremely ingenious and suggestive illustrations which are given of the "circles of organic forms" (p. 82), and the advance through their eleven gradations to their culmination in the human soul, — that "central miracle of this world," which "expresses most directly the central love and goodness of God, to which all his plan refers." And even one who questions the literary form cannot but own the pious fervor, the poetic beauty and life, and the sustained elevation of the tone of thought. Certainly, the attempt is as rare as it is arduous, — a vision of the universe revealed by the wealth of modern science, in all its intricate blendings and subtlest indications of universal law, seen from the point of view of Christian piety, and apprehended as the immediate act and manifestation of the living God. Speaking in his own name, the author says: "There are times — when my soul is sufficiently alive to realize all this truth — that seem to me to bring back the very faith of old. Again God seems to me to walk the earth amid the trees of the garden. He appears again in flaming fire in every tree. His burning footsteps and awful voice are on every mountain. Again he seems to speak directly to the soul as he did to the ancient prophets." In these and similar words he records an experience which we must suppose to be genuine and real. And taking it so, we find a value in it, as testimony, wholly independent of the vision or system of truth on which it rests.

In the systematic or logical portion of his volume, Mr. Poynting lays much stress on his disproof of matter and of so-called material forces. As nearly as we understand his argument, he substitutes (in common with most metaphysicians) for the "atoms" of the physicist, *centres of force*, — the amount of force in each being represented by its chemical "equivalent." He also holds that the converging rays of force acquire a vortical motion about such imaginary centres, and so become repelling forces; moreover, that what we are in the habit of regarding as distinct agencies — fluids, or vibrations — as magnetism, electricity, heat, &c., are only modifications of the one original force, at once centripetal and centrifugal; which, again, he regards as the immediate forth-putting of the personal will of God. The difficulty is not with his argument. Substantially, it is that which most minds find themselves compelled upon, as soon as they undertake to define metaphysically their ideas of matter and of physical powers. The difficulty

is partly with the imagination, which can but rarely and by moments grasp this view as a reality, so as to stand as the actual interpretation of the phenomena of nature; partly with common sense, which clings vigorously to qualitative differences; and partly with the moral sense, which refuses to regard all forces and acts, indiscriminately, as proceeding from the immediate will of a holy Being. It is only in the tensest strain of a poetic, a devout, or a dogmatizing temper, that such a thought of omnipresent divine agency can supplant in our thought the rude grasp of facts and phenomena. And, whatever it may be in strict logical metaphysics, or in the vision of a devout imagination, it would seem as if the normal healthy average mind were compelled to take a less ethereal view. Nay, we question the possibility, to the human intellect, of comprehending the data from which a large part of our author's reasoning proceeds.

This doubt, however, does not impair the value or the delight we are sensible of in so earnest, so devout, and so Christian a contemplation of the science of nature and the facts of human history. The spirit of grateful reverence, of poetic insight, and of spiritual aspiration in which the book is written, gives it a value above and aside from all theoretic argument. And even if we should confess the writer's conception of the immanent personal perpetual agency of the Creator to be beyond the grasp of our limited imagination, or our wavering belief, we yet owe him our thanks for the consistent, firm, and eloquent vindication he has given of the truth that "the powers that work in the objects of creation, and express His thought, are not powers separate from God;" and that, through all diversities of operations, it is "one God that worketh all in all." (Introd., p. xiii.)

WE hope, as early as in the next number of the *Examiner*, to express our welcome and record our judgment of Mr. Alger's long-expected work on the Future Life,* — one of the few works of original investigation and complete scholarship in its department which our American theology has to show. Its appearance has been delayed hitherto by the length of time required to complete a classified bibliography of the subject, prepared by another hand,—a thing unique in books of this class, we believe, and in the author's judgment an essential feature of the plan. To students in the same direction it will no doubt be of invaluable service, well worth the waiting for. But to the general reader, or scholar, nothing is more apparent, at first view, than the exhaustive treatment of the subject in the book itself, and the self-sufficiency of the author's own work. The several departments of his treatise — viz. "Introductory Views," historical and critical, followed by "Ethnic Thoughts," "New Testament Teachings," "Christian Thoughts," and "Historical and Critical Dissertations" concerning a Future Life — leave little to be demanded, except the assurance that the vast bulk of material, thus suggested, has been faithfully dealt with.

* A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life. With a complete Bibliography of the Subject. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 8vo.

And of this, a single glance at the volume, with its six hundred and sixty closely printed and amply annotated pages, is enough to remove all doubt. Twelve years of leisurely patient and fond application to a topic so fascinating in its large, dim outline, and the resources of a scholarship wide and accurate enough to avail itself, at first or second hand, of the wealth of all known literatures, have their full proof in this crowded volume. Incidental studies and essays — particularly the dissertation prefixed to Mr. Alger's volume of select "Poetry of the East" — had already proved his competency to deal with some of the more remote and less familiar portions of his design. And perhaps no feature is more striking, in the completed work, than the patient industry with which every shred of legend, or hint of philosophy or barbaric dream, touching the vast and unknown realm of Death, has been gathered and wrought into the fabric. We are especially pleased with the clearness and simplicity in statements of facts. In the immense number of them, there was danger of obscurity from mere crowding; but singly, they are made very clear and palpable.

But our purpose now is not to speak of the substance or quality of the work, — which we reserve till it shall have been placed fairly before the public eye, — but to express our great satisfaction that it is brought so near its final issue, and to draw attention, in advance, to the breadth of treatment, and the encyclopedic fulness of detail, which are so essential elements in estimating its value and importance. It is so rare a thing now to be able to refer to a publication that much enlarges our range of knowledge and deepens our thought on topics of theological speculation, that we gladly embrace the promise of its speedy appearing as the occasion of these few preliminary words.

PROFESSOR HACKETT has availed himself of the interest drawn towards a revised version of the Scriptures, to present a very pleasing monograph upon one of the shortest books of the canon, — Paul's Epistle to Philemon.* On so small a scale it is very pleasant to see exhibited something of the elaborate method and minute detail which are rather depressing when carried out over the whole field of the sacred text. The handsome Greek type of the original deserves special mention, as well as the unobtrusive good sense and taste of the emendations in the rendering of it, and the genial and agreeable tone in the expository portions. No serious question of textual or doctrinal criticism occurs, to prevent it, with any reader, from being what its author meant it, — a model of scholarly and Christian exposition. A series of similar monographs would make a very beautiful and valuable feature in our collections of Biblical literature.

THE old suit, "Geology versus Genesis" comes up again in an essay,† in which the attempt is again made to reconcile the two records;

* Notes on the Greek Text of the Epistle to Philemon; and a Revised Version, with Notes. New York: American Bible Union.

† The Debate between the Church and Science; or, The Ancient Hebraic Idea of the Six Days of Creation. With an Essay on the Literary Character of Taylor Lewis. Andover: Warren F. Draper.

or rather to show how, if rightly interpreted, there is no variance. The essay is divided into three parts. The first part is a Criticism of the "Criticisms on 'The Six days of Creation,'" a production of Prof. Tayler Lewis, which received rather hard treatment at the hands of Prof. Dana in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. We think that Prof. Lewis has been completely vindicated, and the reviewer shown to have been hasty, captious, and prejudiced in his estimate of Lewis's treatise. And although we should be far from setting so high a value upon the actual result of the discoveries of Prof. Lewis as the author of this Essay, we cannot but admire his thorough scholarship, his vigorous style, his deep spiritual method, and his sincere reverence for the Bible and its truths. We think that Prof. Dana's criticism shows a wonderful inability to perceive the drift of the speculations of his opponent, and a singular mental bluntness and philosophical opacity. We fear that the estimate in which Lewis holds science may have served to draw a veil over the scientific Professor's eyes, so that he could not see the real excellences of the book he was reviewing. He plainly regarded as rank heresy the following sensible and true remarks upon the value of science: "Science has indeed enlarged our field of thought. But what can she give us but a knowledge of phenomena,—of *appearances*? What are her boasted laws, but generalizations of such phenomena ever resolving themselves into some one great fact, that *seems* to be an original energy, whilst evermore the application of a stronger lens to our analytical telescope resolves such seeming primal force into an appearance, a manifestation of something still more remote, which in this way alone reveals its presence to our senses. Thus the course of human science has ever been the substitution of one set of conceptions for another. We are still no nearer the remote primal fact. All is still *phenomenal*. The grand old Book of God still stands, and will continue to stand, though science and philosophy are ever changing their countenance and passing away." Now it is certainly a very curious sign of the times, that these words have been denounced, by a man who prides himself upon being a Christian believer, as highly dangerous and infidel. Prof. Dana says: "If such be actually the end of man's contemplations of the works of his Maker, he would be forced to replace the word GOD with that of DEMON." We did not imagine that any one supposed that the physical science of our day had reached the Ultimate Cause, the Absolute Ground of all manifestations. We fear that Prof. Dana is worshipping a gross, material idol, and has lost sight of Him who makes the heavens continually. The Essay before us defends Prof. Lewis most successfully. And we are glad to see this defence coming from Orthodoxy itself. We should be sorry to see it abandoned to the materialism of Prof. Dana's view, or given over to that shallow and superficial religionism called "Natural Theology." It is natural and not spiritual.

Part Second is supplementary, as it were, to Prof. Lewis's treatise on "The Six Days," but contains some novel speculations of the author himself, which are stated clearly and strongly. We think that the author has been very happy in his attempts to show that by

"Light" in the Bible there is meant to be represented "the idea of one force in the inorganic world;" and that science comes to the same conclusion. We thank the writer for bringing so prominently before the community Prof. Lewis's attempts to restore the true Hebraic interpretation of the Scriptures. We do not think that the Christian world is in such great danger, if it does not reconcile Genesis and Geology; but the prosaic and literal version of the Divine record has seemed to us utterly unworthy and unreliable as a statement of what was meant by the writer who penned it. Fabre d'Olivet had some glimpses in the right direction, and we think that Prof. Lewis can hardly be claimed as the restorer of the ancient Hebraic method of interpretation. Fabre d'Olivet translates day, "light manifestation," and this covers the whole ground. "And he assigned for name to the light, day, or universal manifestation; and to the darkness, night, or naught manifested, all-knitting. And there was the light's first manifestation." We shall certainly rejoice when the mind of Western Christendom is delivered from bondage to the superficial literal translation of the grandest book in the world. Yet we cannot believe that "the Scripture professes" to reveal any facts in the natural world; and he who starts upon this assumption to interpret it, we think, must fail of accomplishing the work of reconciling Scripture and Science. It is indeed the claim that is made for Genesis, but it is because its true character of a record of spiritual creations is not recognized. Whatever the Bible professes to teach of the natural world, Prof. Lewis claims to be authoritative. But is it not an inference of our own that it "professes" to teach anything at all in this direction? If a hieroglyphic representation gives to man a hundred arms, shall we assume that it means literally to assert that any man was so created?

Part Third of this treatise is a warm and strong presentation of the literary character and worth of Prof. Tayler Lewis. It contains copious extracts from writings of his but little known, and out of print. We can sympathize with this admiration, though we cannot rate him quite so high in the scale of thinkers, or believe that his work is of such importance to the Church. He is a thorough scholar, and something more. He is a philosophical thinker. He has great power of expressing himself clearly, and penetrating into the inner life of languages and modes of thought of other ages. He has a sympathetic faculty of coming into *rappo*rt with the spirit of the Hebrew sages. He is, perhaps, the best interpreter of Plato among us. His style is an excellent one for philosophical thought, and often possesses true eloquence. We honor the author of this "Essay" for his enthusiastic zeal in defence of a favorite thinker. We suspect that his book is rather the result of his own private studies, and to satisfy his own idea, than for any end of authorship. We cannot share its fears for the cause of the Church or religion; but we can admire its sincere and earnest advocacy of what is thought to be divine truth.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

THE tendencies of science, at the present day, are plainly towards the proof of

“One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

And every statement of the unity of a creative law, as pervading the different spheres of sun, atmosphere, and earth, is, *a priori*, deserving of consideration. The Essay of Mr. Coues* in this direction has some noteworthy traits. Its style is simple, direct, and beautiful; its spirit is admirable for elevation and catholicity of tone; its mathematical calculations exhibit many remarkable coincidences of results in the solar and terrestrial spheres. The author has devoted many years to observation and calculation of phenomena; and sufficient mathematical proof is given of a law of harmonious relation between the astronomical elements of the earth and the order in the structure of the earth's surface, even if some of the deductions shall be proved fanciful and erroneous.

The Essay discusses three topics; — first, that the forms, extents, and relative positions of the land and water divisions on the earth's surface are determined by law; second, that this law is the same as that which determines the astronomical elements of the earth as a planet; and third, that these elements are so correlated, that the value of either one can be calculated from the value of the others, — or, perhaps, more strictly, that each is a *function* of either of the others, — of which many calculations are given at length. Fifty different instances are given by which the values of certain astronomical elements are attained by the use of the values of other elements, — too many, surely, to be ascribed to merely fortuitous numerical coincidences.

The Essay is original in its method of attempting to unite the phenomena of physical geography, geology, and astronomy into one system, as founded upon the fundamental laws of “Affinity of Structure,” and “Composition of all Forms by an aggregation of sub-individuals.” The author says of his system, that “it differs from the received system only in this, — the application of the law of affinity of form, division of entities, and the general correlation of the parts of the solar system, is further extended, and more thoroughly applied. Nature does not proceed *per saltum*; she advances in close and almost undistinguishable gradation; and hence, the *ellipticity of the earth's figure* is a connecting link between the whole world as a planet and the sub-individualities of the terrestrial surface-masses. A structural affinity is suggested between the ellipticity of the earth's *figure* and the ellipticity of its *orbit*. The Essay seeks to show further how the law of relation between the planetary and solar spheres extends to the surface

* Studies of the Earth: an Essay on the Figure and Surface Divisions of the Earth, its Geological and Meteorological Phenomena, and its Astronomical Elements. By SAMUEL ELLIOTT COUES. Washington: Philp and Solomons. 1860. 4to. pp. 98.

divisions of the earth, the trend of coasts, the divisions of land and water, the upheaval of islands, the position of volcanoes, and the raising and depressing of terrestrial masses. It calculates the solar distances by the structural elements of the earth, and shows "the relation between the measures of the heavenly spaces and the terrestrial spaces."

There is certainly grandeur, as well as simplicity, in the idea of one Law connecting the whole solar system with each atom of the terrestrial mass, so that the solitary rock in mid-ocean has connecting links which can be traced to the Astral Centre of the Universe. And this idea the author of these "Studies of the Earth" not only advances as a theory, but seeks to prove by mathematical calculations. We do not suppose that science will receive it without a fuller and more exact demonstration; yet we cannot but believe that the author has obtained a glimpse, in the right direction, of the harmony of all of nature's laws, and their final reduction to one great law of Force. The entire system of the universe, each world of that system, and the separate elements of each world, and the subdivisions of each element, must form one whole, — one great idea pervading and ruling over the constituent elements and the several parts.

One thought, expressed in a note, is so well wrought out, that we will quote it as a sample of the author's general style of thought in dealing with other than mathematical formulæ.

"Ancient philosophers regarded certain numbers as sacred, and among these the number *seven* was pre-eminently sanctified. This has been regarded, in modern days, as a 'Pythagorean conceit.' It is a fact, however, that the dry husks often remain after the grain once contained in them has perished. So the symbols, as the envelopes of the truth of the olden philosophy, often descend through generation to generation, after the truth itself has been lost to the world. God works by plan, — by method, — by quantities: certain numbers and certain values are of frequent repetition in the structure of the Universe, and thus these numbers became holy as they were associated with the manifestation of God's Creative Wisdom. Religion itself needs its symbols. Science also has ever represented or materialized its abstract truths in numbers and diagrams; and when the truths thus represented are forgotten, the reverence for its material representations appears ridiculous and childish. The Christian need not reluct at the thought of the connection of the dealings of God with the material to the spiritual, as the two phases of one law constituting the union of the results of His sovereign will; and when the Sunday bells sound in his ears, calling men together for a common end, sympathetic worship and communion with God, his religious tone will not be weakened, if, to his ears, the sonorous peal proclaims also the common bond of the spheres of the solar system, and tells of their relations to the great luminary, the Sun, which, at rest in the centre, continually pours forth a flood of light and warmth over its encircling worlds, — the one law applies to the moral nature of man, and is exalted because fitted for intellectual beings, and also because this law over the material has been obeyed forever by the countless worlds spread out over the infinity of space."

THE phenomena of Glaciers have a particular fascination for those who, like most of us, stand just outside the penetralia of Science, and

learn of that domain through the imagination, or at second hand. Beyond the bare fact of glacier-motion, little seems to have been known or investigated till within a generation ; but in that one fact, what an appeal to the imaginative intellect ! To Shelley, in his morbid moods, it was something fatal and horrible, — a type of the gloomy destiny which should one day overwhelm all glory and loveliness ; and so squared with the theory he had got from Buffon, that the earth and man are doomed to perish ultimately with cold. To Ruskin, the same agency is what has brought the Alp-region from one desolate wild of ice to its present condition of bold crag upspringing from smiling valley. The Arctic voyagers picture it to us very vividly, on the grandest scale, as the inexhaustible reservoir from which icebergs drop, as frozen cascades, into the polar current which chills our New England spring. To the eye of the geologist it is the visible exhibition of the forces at work in the amazing "Drift-period," when the tide of rock and ice swept irresistibly over the drear expanse of our northern continent. And to most of us, we imagine, its fascination is due to the fact, more or less obscurely seen, that it is, so to speak, an *exhibition of geological processes*, on a scale small enough, and in periods brief enough, and with a material plastic enough, to serve as a convenient transition from the lecture-room to the upheaved strata of the earth.

Prof. Tyndall has very skilfully seized this point of interest, as the starting-place of his volume.* The results of it have been recorded before, and may be found, in brief, in the excellent paper on Glaciers in the New American Cyclopædia. But the method, the style, and the fulness of the work make it quite welcome. It begins by interesting us in the very striking geological fact of *slaty cleavage*, — of which neither the theory of deposition nor that of crystallization at all satisfied Prof. Tyndall's mind. Having convinced himself that the true cause is mechanical pressure, producing a cleavage at right angles to its own direction, he takes this with him as a *thesis*, to be verified in the quasi-geological processes of the Alps. By boldness and practice he becomes an accomplished ice-traveller ; and his share is as fresh and vigorous as any in the charming volume of adventure published a year ago by the "Alpine Club."† Half the volume is given to a narrative of his excursions. It differs from most such narratives, chiefly in the clear, vivid, and almost poetic way in which he blends a keen observation and scientific insight of natural facts with the details of personal adventure. The forms of mist, the hues of the sky, the aspect of rock-formations, are given by brief hints, and incidentally, often with a freshness and delicacy very attractive. And while he has a good deal to say about himself and his sensations, — particularly of his muscular vigor and animal spirits among the mountains, — it seems not so much egotistic, as a simple, fresh, first-hand register of phys-

* The Glaciers of the Alps. By JOHN TYNDALL, F. R. S. Boston : Ticknor and Fields.

† Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers ; a Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by JOHN BALL, President of the Club. London : Longmans. Fourth edition.

iological facts, deserving a modest place among the more imposing geological ones. One hint we do not remember ever to have seen,—that the contortions of strata, so striking in some of the Alpine valleys, do not absolutely suppose a softer material than the rocks are now: they may have been produced, even in the hardest rock, by the mere thrust and dead-weight of the mountain-masses, only give them time enough to act.

The second part, the scientific, begins with a popular discussion of the principles of light, heat, sound, and other physical properties of matter, to elucidate (in particular) his discussion of the colors of the sky and atmospheric changes. But the part of special interest is the detail of his observations among the glaciers, and his experiments in the lecture-room. The general figure of an "ice-river," by which glacier action has come to be generally known,—in spite of the difficulty one has in realizing it as he strikes his staff in the hard, cold, granular substance of a real glacier,—is illustrated very fully; and the transition from the bleak, dry snow of the summits through the slush of the *nevé* to the compact ice that packs the rocky gorge, is exhibited in a way to make it almost as attractive as if the conception were quite new. A good deal of detail is given to the examination of Prof. Forbes's so-called "viscous" theory. We believe Prof. Forbes is not justly responsible for all the consequences that have been deduced from the phrase; but it was certainly a very unfortunate one to use in speaking of a substance so crystalline, rigid, and slippery as ice. Prof. Tyndall very abundantly illustrates and proves — what has long seemed to us the common sense of the matter — that the dead-weight and downright thrust of a piled-up mass of matter so imperfectly solidified as ice, crushes it out and forces it along, just as a sufficiently high mass of marble or granite would crush out its own bottom, and would make a "stone-river" of it, if you could keep forever adding at the top. This is modified, of course, by many circumstances peculiar to the place or the material, and especially the phenomena of melting and "regelation," which are fully exhibited in this book. Prof. Tyndall has shown, by his experiments, that dry ice may be crushed by hydrostatic pressure into a mould, and will almost instantly become clear, solid, and transparent, taking the form of the mould. This property of the material has a very obvious importance in the discussion.

A feature of the volume which will be interesting to many, is the assigning of the right order of precedence among the explorers of glacial action. We are glad to observe that due honor is given to Prof. Agassiz for his bold and grand pioneering in this field; and to welcome a name new to us, that of Bishop Rendu, a French Catholic prelate, who seems to have had a far clearer insight into the causes and qualities of these phenomena than any of the professed men of science of his day. The volume closes with a lecture, in which the author exhibits, in its mature and fully authenticated form, his theory with regard to the origin of slaty cleavage. Along with Faraday's little volume of lectures on "Physical Forces," it is an admirable example of the popularizing of scientific truth by men of real authority in that domain.

AFTER the American issue of Tyndall's Glacier-book, a lighter and more graceful narrative of Alpine discovery reached our shore,* from the pen of one who shared a most trying ascent recorded in the previous volume, who has become a landed proprietor in the little-known valley of Sixt, and has contributed in this third publication a delightful addition to our knowledge of the most romantic region in Europe. This richly illustrated record of Alpine enterprise is intended to bring to notice the hidden beauties of the unvisited Sixt, a valley within a day's ride of Geneva, to the north of Chamouni, where Alfred Wills, Esq., of the Middle Temple, has erected the *chalet* from which the name of Eagle's Nest is given to his charming book,—a region marvellously rich in cascades, fossils, mountain scenery, noble pines, and everything which can reward the curious traveller. Mr. Wills evinces not only consummate hardihood as a mountaineer, but the cultivated eye of a man of taste, and the devout spirit of an habitual Christian, in these sublime cloisters of Nature's grand temple. Affectionate memorials of a wife, who assisted in these exquisite illustrations, and has now passed on into far higher scenes, enrich the narrative with tender sentiment, and inspire it with a thoroughly religious tone.

ONE of the first and one of the best introductions to the study of Natural History published among us was Dr. Ware's edition of Smellie's "Philosophy" of the subject, prepared in 1824. The very great advance in this department of knowledge since then has required further and still more extensive revision. In its amended form, † it is, in fact, almost a new work. Much the larger portion has been rewritten, and the honors of the authorship are fairly due to the American Professor. Among the crowd of books upon this subject, we cannot recall one which is at once so clear in its method, so full in its exposition of the grand outlines of the animal kingdom, so pleasing in style, so combining scientific fact with anecdote and illustration, and pervaded by so healthful a moral and religious tone. It is carefully prepared—with questions to guide teacher and pupil—as a text-book for higher classes in schools or college, a service for which the qualities we have named make it admirably fit.

ALONG with this we wish to call attention to a more full and labored text-book of systematic zoölogy, † prepared by a lady in a neighboring State, and illustrated by a magnificent colored chart, five feet by four, in which the divisions and subdivisions of the animal races are brought in very picturesque groupings before the eye. Singular ingenuity and skill, with ten years of labor, have given an extraordinary degree of

* The Eagle's Nest in the Valley of Sixt. By ALFRED WILLS, Author of *Wanderings among the High Alps, &c.* London: Longmans. 1860.

† The Philosophy of Natural History. By JOHN WARE, M. D. Boston: Brown and Taggard.

† Zoölogical Science; or, Nature in Living Forms. Illustrated by numerous Plates. Adapted to elucidate the Chart of the Animal Kingdom. By A. M. REDFIELD (of Syracuse, N. Y.). New York: E. B. & E. C. Kellogg. 12mo. pp. 706.

completeness and beauty to this chart, which, for the uses of a school or lecture-room, or for the humbler service of entertainment in a household, is quite beyond comparison with anything in its kind we know. The accompanying book, along with a brief but sufficient view of comparative anatomy, as a key to the classification, is extremely full in detail; and for popular use is as nearly exhaustive and complete as is desirable.

WE have received also a few numbers of a work,* which promises to be the most complete and fully illustrated popular cyclopaedia of the subject in the field. The abundance and general excellence of the wood-cuts, and the amount of agreeable anecdotic information, make it an especially companionable and pleasant visitor in a household of young persons, for which we give it most cordial commendation.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

MR. WILLIAM ARTHUR cannot keep out of any book which comes from his pen a certain sanctimoniousness of religious talk. His Calvinism always thrusts itself forward, whatever the subject. The Vicarious Atonement comes into every company, and he seems hardly satisfied anywhere, unless he has pressed upon his audience the saving efficacy of the blood of Christ. This excrescence of pious talk is the only serious deformity in his new book of Italian travels.† In other respects that book is remarkably interesting, fresh, and original. It is the result of personal observation by a very inquisitive and sagacious traveller, and it is written in an admirably clear and readable style, fine in description, without any redundancy of epithet, or any attempt at fine writing. Beginning with Savoy and ending with the Roman State, Mr. Arthur sketches the scenery, manners, social and political feeling of all the intervening Italian provinces, as he saw them in the spring of the present year. His pictures of the numerous celebrations, illuminations, and triumphal welcome to the King of Sardinia and his ministers, in the various Italian capitals, Turin, Milan, Bologna, and Florence, are worthy of William Russell; while his keen examination of the follies and cruelties of the Austrian and Papal governments fully confirms the statements of M. About. The extreme, almost bigoted, Protestant zeal of Mr. Arthur might make some of his assertions questionable, if he had not so amply fortified them by documentary evidence. The conversations with the people which he reports, bating his imperfect comprehension of the dialects, justify his belief that they are equally weary of the bad government and the

* Cassell's Popular Natural History. New York: Cassell, Potter, and Galpin.

† Italy in Transition. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860. Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A. New York: Harpers. 1860. 12mo. pp. 428.

superstitious religion which has kept them in bondage. We do not wonder, however, that Mr. Arthur found it difficult to make them understand his Bibliolatry, or accept his narrow assumption, that the miseries of Italy are all owing to its Romanism, and that the Bible owned by the people is the source of all material prosperity.

Mr. Arthur is generally accurate in his facts. Once or twice, however, he has erred, or has been misled by the errors of the guide-books; as when (p. 285) he reckons the Trastevere Church of St. Mary, in Rome, among the "Seven Basilicas," or limits to these "Basilicas" the power of granting "plenary indulgence." The title of the "Borgo San Spirito," "Street of the Holy Spirit," which shocks him from its blasphemy, seems no worse than many titles which Protestant England allows. Has it not "Trinity Bay," and the like?

As a sign of the times, the work of the Abbé Michon * is perhaps the most remarkable of the many recent books about Italy. Here is a learned, sagacious, and zealous Catholic, devoted to the Papacy and to the forms of the Church, who not only sees and laments the corruptions in the Church, the abuses of the hierachal power, and the cheats which it practises upon the people, but ventures to say his thought in very eloquent phrase, and to point out boldly what seems to him departure from sound policy and Christian justice in the administration of the Roman power. This priest can kneel before the altars, and can be moved by the holy symbols, yet is not afraid to satirize the miracle of St. Gennaro, and to criticise the acts of bishops and cardinals. He is a liberal in his polities, and advocates not only the sundering of the Papal authority from all temporal rule, but its removal to Jerusalem as far the fittest place for a consistent Papal residence and centre. He thinks that the Pope could do more missionary work at Jerusalem than at Rome, and that he would command there much more effectually the respect of the faithful. His arguments are earnest, and not without plausibility. Yet they will hardly convince those who know what ecclesiastical dignitaries are and require, and who have seen Jerusalem. It is not to be expected that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre will soon become the cathedral of the Christian world, or that the mean and dirty "mosque of Nebi David," on Mount Zion, will be the welcome exchange for the Vatican with its libraries, galleries, gardens, and chapels. The Abbé Michon has not considered the difficulties in the way of his proposition.

We have no doubt, however, that Italy abounds in priests who hold the opinions which Michon has here dared to express, and who wait only for the chance to avow them. The revolution which we are now witnessing, and which, in its details even, is predicted by Michon's volume, is bringing to light the wide scepticism in the Catholic Church, not only concerning its right to temporal rule, but concerning its pretended miracles. There are many zealous adherents of that Church,

* L'Italie, Politique et Religieuse. Suivie de la Papauté à Jérusalem. Par L'ABBÉ J. H. MICHON. Bruxelles et Leipzig : E. Hatau. 1859. 8vo. pp. 263.

as the divinely authorized Church of God, who make no secret of their disbelief in its legends, and their rationalist ideas in judging its doctrines. We are expecting developments of rationalism in Italy, when the burden of the censorship is lifted off from its freedom of thought, quite as remarkable as those which have appeared in the English Church. Already they are beginning to praise Lamennais, and the preaching of Gavazzi at Naples finds a response.

MISS HORNER is favorably known as the translator of Colletta's *History of Naples*, published last year by Constable. The sketch, in her new volume, of the Bourbon dynasty,* which began in 1759, and has now, after a century of existence, finally been cast off, is more than a dry abstract of Colletta's chapters upon that period: it is a clear, concise, and admirably prepared monograph. The characters of the Ferdinands, grandfather and grandson, and of the intervening Francis, are impartially drawn, and it is only to be regretted that the second Francis, *Bombalino*, could not have been favored with a short supplementary chapter. Miss Horner confirms, by the testimony of authentic documents, the worst charges which have been made against the race of Neapolitan tyrants. Their crimes have been partly the result of a naturally cruel temper, partly of an imbecile fear, and partly of a policy rooted in the traditions of the race. A "liberal Bourbon king" seems to be a contradiction in terms; and when a Bourbon king concedes anything to popular clamor, allows the rights of the people, grants a constitution, or does anything to conciliate the better class, it may safely be affirmed that his act is a cheat, and that he means treachery. The trial of that race has been long, complete, and disastrous, and has proved that no one of them, whatever his profession, is to be trusted. The private morality of the Neapolitan Bourbons has not been lower than that of many other races, certainly not lower than the morality of the Hanoverian kings of England. George IV. was a more profligate man than any of the monarchs of the two Sicilies. But the kingcraft of the Bourbons is the meanest which modern history records.

The only long episode in this century of tyranny, corruption, and imbecility is the decade which was filled by the sway of Napoleon's viceroys, Joseph and Murat. There is no attempt in the volume which we notice to make the short reign of Murat the contrast and foil to the long reign of the elder Ferdinand. Miss Horner is not a partisan of the French soldier, though she compassionates his misfortunes and honors his chivalry. Only half a dozen pages are given to the republic of 1799, that brief spasm of liberty in the South of Italy. The larger half of the volume is devoted to the ways and works of that unrelenting oppressor who earned by his crimes the ludicrous nickname of Bomba. We know not where to find more accurate information about this personage in so accessible a form.

* *A Century of Despotism in Naples and Sicily.* By SUSAN HORNER. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1860. 16mo. pp. 231.

NOVELS AND TALES.

"THE Northern Light" * is the seventeenth of a series of cheap historical tales, which are issued in England "to popularize a knowledge of Church history and the love of Church principles." "Perverse" here might be substituted for "popularize," as a more accurate description. The ingenuity of compilers is exercised, not to bring out from history what it contains, but to weave into it threads which dis-color the whole tissue. The story before us is one of ancient Iceland and Greenland. But the opinions and dogmatism are those of modern Oxford. Aslrand sensibly remarks to Bishop Isleif, as a reason why he should obey the impulse of his heart, and go off at once to preach the Gospel: "Surely, one need not become a priest in order to tell poor heathen men of Christ and his kingdom. For the knowledge that is required to bring home these truths to the saving of souls is by no means beyond that which even such men as myself have." But the stiff Isleif answers, in the true Oxford style, that "it is very unwise to send out any preacher of the Gospel who is not a priest, or at least a deacon. For laymen are not under the same discipline as *churchmen* are, and if they go about preaching, they are too often wont to clash with the duties of the clergy. Besides all this, mere preaching, though it may do much good in bringing the knowledge of Christ to those who have before known him not, yet how short does this stop if he who preaches cannot minister to his hearers. How small the profit for the heathen to hear of Christ's blood washing away the sins of the world, if their sins cannot be washed away by the holy waters of baptism; to listen to the story of Christ's death and priceless blood-shedding, if that death and blood-shedding cannot be commemorated by their drinking his blood and eating his body to the saving of their souls!" The argument is decisive. Aslrand apologizes, and consents, like a true Episcopal convert, to wait six months and get regular ordination before he goes out as shepherd of any spiritual fold in Iceland. He sees the propriety of having the proper and stated initiation into "Church principles," before he undertakes to save the heathen.

No salvation can amount to much which does not come through the "Catholic Church," which, in the view of this writer, does not mean the Roman, but the Anglican and the Swedish Church. He graciously allows that the other kingdoms "have produced many learned and pious men," but laments that these have lost their stability of purpose by cutting loose from the hierarchy, and by becoming "tainted with those modern ideas which are so absurdly called rational."

If we may trust public rumor, Charlotte Chanter is the pseudonyme which the sister of Charles Kingsley has adopted to hide the authorship of her first elaborate work of fiction. "Over the Cliffs" † bears

* *The Northern Light; a Tale of Iceland and Greenland in the Eleventh Century.* London: J. H. and J. Parker. 16mo. pp. 128.

† *Over the Cliffs.* By CHARLOTTE CHANTER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. 12mo. pp. 400.

the mark of very faithful and careful elaboration. No exception can be taken to the ease or strength of its style, or to its moral tone. It is as healthy as any production of the author of *Alton Locke*. It is a romance of external life altogether, not attempting to deal with any question of politics, social science, or religion, indulging in no disquisition, but confining itself altogether to the incidents and fortunes of the many men and women which its somewhat loosely constructed plot undertakes to deal with. The principal fault of the novel is want of unity and concentration. In no one of the characters do we get any absorbing interest, and the transitions from one critical epoch to another are not well marked. The villains, too, are rather in excess, and it is provoking to find that the hope which we form of some beautiful children is disappointed, and that several turn out badly who ought to have turned out well. The last impression of the whole story is rather painful, though it ends with the prosperity and happiness of the hero and heroine. Nevertheless, it will be fascinating to the reader; and as a specimen of the author's power, it gives promise of better things to come.

"WHEAT and Tares" * is a capital story. Fresh, sparkling, and cheerful as a summer's morning, it has also the higher elements of a first-class novel, in its striking delineations of character, in its fidelity to actual life, and in the essential nobleness of its sentiment and its philosophy. With some free and easy conversations, which may scandalize those who would treat the Church and all its adjuncts as especially sacred, it has a good sense in its view of things sacred, as well as things worldly, which is very refreshing after the cant of so-called religious novels. It may not increase reverence for bishops, deans, archdeacons, or popular preachers, but it will foster respect for manliness, generosity, frankness, and all Christian virtues. Its vivacity never degenerates into slang, nor does it overstate the graces or faults of any of its personages. It is, we have no doubt, a very faithful daguerrotype of the life in an English sea-side town. The author's name is not given: but if it be a first effort, it is certainly a remarkable success. It is very difficult to decide from internal evidence the sex of the author; the male and female characters are drawn with equal ability. We shall welcome any new story that may come from this hand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Life of Washington has been written so often, and from such abundant materials, that no one can now hope to bring forward any new details, or to place the recognized facts of his career in a new light. But, notwithstanding the labors of Marshall, Sparks, Irving, and the innumerable hosts of biographers of lesser note, there was still room for a compendious Life, which, without entering into minute statements or attempting a history of the age of Washington, should include all the essential facts, and present a well-considered estimate of his

* *Wheat and Tares.* New York: Harpers. 1860. pp. 280.

character. This want has been fully satisfied by Mr. Everett's "Life of Washington," written at the suggestion of Lord Macaulay for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.* Moderate in compass, orderly in arrangement, and lucid in statement, it presents a cabinet portrait of Washington, at once vivid and truthful, in which every important feature is admirably delineated. Its narrative, though rapid, is luminous and exact, while its portraiture of the character of Washington is singularly felicitous. With little of the splendid imagery which adorned Mr. Everett's Oration on Washington, the style is always harmonious and graceful, and often picturesque. To the memoir are appended a monograph on the disease of which Washington died, by the honored and venerable head of the medical profession in this city, Dr. James Jackson, and copies of the inventory of Washington's personal property, and of Mrs. Washington's will, neither of which, it is believed, has been printed before.

WHETHER Captain Henry Shakespear is a descendant of the great dramatist, we are not informed. But we may say that, if his English style be less accurate than the style of "*As You Like It*," his knowledge of wild animals would have prevented him from expecting the roar of lions in the forest of Ardennes. The Captain is a poor writer, but a daring and accomplished sportsman. We can forgive his disregard of the plural number, in consideration of the quality of his game, and can allow that bears may be "*bear*," and hogs "*hog*," to one who has run such risks in *bagging* them. It does, however, sound rather odd when a sportsman talks about "*bagging*" an elephant or a buffalo.

The only table of contents to Captain Shakespear's book † is the title-page. A short Preface modestly disclaims all pretension to skill in composition, and wisely forewarns the reader that he must not demand the phrases of a ready writer from a hand so wonted to the knife and rifle. An introductory chapter initiates the neophyte into the secret of high Indian sports, and tells him what are the most approved weapons. And the nine succeeding chapters treat in order of the several sorts of wild game that a sportsman in India may naturally hunt,—hogs, tigers of two kinds, the man-eating and the cattle-eating,—panthers, bears, wild elephants, buffalos and bisons, and the smaller game, such as the several kinds of deer, goats, and wild dogs. General directions about hunting these are given; the risks, the precautions, the proper time of day, the habits of the various animals, are stated at length; and all are illustrated by copious extracts from Captain Shakespear's own note-book of adventure. He does not vaunt his own prowess, but he tells enough to make it very evident that he has a right to be con-

* *The Life of George Washington.* By EDWARD EVERETT. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 348.

† *The Wild Sports of India; with Remarks on the Breeding and Rearing of Horses, and the Formation of Light Irregular Cavalry.* By Captain HENRY SHAKESPEAR, Commandant Nagpore Irregular Force. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

sidered an authority in the matter of the Indian chase. If his encounters and escapes are not in all respects as striking as those of Jules Gerard or Gordon Cumming, they are sufficient to excite the imagination, and to satisfy those who must have tales of peril in their books of sport. They will not excite boys like Mayne Reid's fictitious adventures; but they will give new proof of the capacity of man to overcome difficulties in the gratification of a ruling passion.

Valuable supplementary chapters on the breed of Indian horses, especially on the characteristics, marks, and management of the Arab horse, and upon the value of Light Cavalry in India, show Captain Shakespear to be more than a mere sportsman,—to be a wise and shrewd observer and an accomplished officer.

IN exact proportion to the increase of the number of our historical and antiquarian societies—whether their objects be general and comprehensive, or special and local—is the discovery and publication of the most valuable materials, the primary sources of history. Many dubious and sceptical reflections have been thrown out, from time to time, upon the wisdom of multiplying such societies, as if their tendency would be to exaggerate their objects, to waste time or materials, or at least to interfere with each other's province. But they have all, so far as we know, without a single exception, vindicated the wisdom of their foundation, and fully justified and rewarded all the zeal and labor which have been engaged in them. The subdivision of their objects, and the restriction of the field assumed by some of those societies which have devoted themselves to the specialities of archaeology, have tended to concentrate inquiry, to encourage pains-taking research, and to insure accuracy. Each one of these societies has thus been the agency of bringing to the light and authenticating some important document that was either not known as having ever existed, or that was supposed to have been irrecoverably lost. And we may add, that each of these societies has substituted positive fact for fiction, or rectified an error in one or more of the generally accepted records relating to the characters or incidents of past time. The Antiquarian Society, whose valuable collections are gathered in the noble hall at Worcester, in this State, on an original deposit made by the worthy Isaiah Thomas, and which holds its annual meeting on the anniversary of the discovery made by Christopher Columbus, is the pioneer in its own great work, and continues to assert and prove its claims upon our confidence and gratitude. It is eminently favored in having for its Librarian Samuel F. Haven, Esq., a man whose zeal, intelligence, devotion, persistency, and courtesy in connection with the objects and prosperity of the institution and the treatment of its visitors, demand our warmest tribute of acknowledgment. The Society is also favored in being served by a most accomplished and devoted body of officers, all working heartily in a cause which their zeal alone would make a praiseworthy one.

What we have said about the rewarding results of these many societies, in the discovery and improvement of the primary materials of history, and in the rectification of erroneous readings of its annals, is

very strikingly confirmed by the contents of the new volume now before us.* The papers contained in it are fresh and interesting; they are original materials,—in the main now put into print for the first time,—and they communicate many new facts, or rectify some errors in connection with the times, the men, and the incidents to which they relate. Four distinct editors have contributed the apparatus and the illustrative matter connected with the original documents here brought before us. The first series of these documents in the new volume, gathered from the State-Paper Office and the British Museum, in London, illustrate the history of Raleigh's first American Colony and the Colony at Jamestown. We have here letters of Sir Ralph Lane, the first Governor of the Colony of Roanoke, 1585—6, addressed to Sir Francis Walsingham and Sir Philip Sidney, with notes, and a most diligently wrought Memoir of the Governor, by Rev. E. E. Hale. These papers are followed by another series from the State-Paper Office, relating to the discoveries and the colonization, made under Captain Newport, in Virginia, in 1607, with a description of the country. Next comes "A Discourse of Virginia," by Edward Maria Wingfield, the first President of the Colony, now first printed from a manuscript in the Lambeth Library, edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Mr. Charles Deane. These graphic, quaint, and candid pages make a plain revelation of the bickerings and cross-schemes that vexed the early adventurers in those parts. Our old friend, Captain John Smith, figures by no means to his credit when another pen than his own deals with his achievements. And we are sorry to have to say that the romantic episode about Pocahontas, as having saved his life, which makes such a pretty wild-woods picture, and has drawn so many admiring tears, is constructively shown to be — a myth. Then the volume presents us with a reprint of "New England's Rarities Discovered, by John Josselyn, Gent." (1672.) Mr. Edward Tuckerman has bestowed great pains upon the editing and annotating of this rare old document, and in his Introduction to it he gives us a chronological and biographical sketch of the men who paid any attention to the natural history, and especially to the botany, of New England, while those sciences were in their infancy everywhere. Gentleman Josselyn's Rarities are well worthy of diligent perusal for amusement, though by no means without a view to their instruction also. His frequent recipes and nostrums for medicinal and curative purposes will hardly have a trial in our day; not, however, because they are more absurd or fanciful than some which have the confidence of modern simpletons. The last piece in the volume is the transcript from an original manuscript, containing a Narrative of a Voyage to Spitzbergen in 1613, at the charge of the old English "Muscovy Company," with a description of the country and the operations of the whale-fishery. This highly interesting relic of ancient adventure and enterprise, illustrated with antique cuts, is prefaced and explained by an Introductory Essay by Mr. Haven. The editor reviews briefly, yet

* *Archæologia Americana. Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society.* Volume IV. Printed for the Society. 1860. 8vo. pp. 356.

evidently only after very laborious investigations, the history of Arctic adventure, and the zealous enterprise of the English patrons of that arduous service.

MRS. DALL's new work, "Historical Pictures Retouched," has not only a happy title, but also more *unity* than is usual in a volume of miscellanies. The leading idea of the book is still "Justice to Woman." But the argument is conducted not polemically, but historically, and so is likely to reach and convince more minds. It is hard to get angry with a fact, as we often do with an argument. There is a cluster of biographies, or biographical sketches, of women illustrious in Science, Medicine, and other leading human pursuits. But gracefully intertwined with these are other pleasing articles, touching other points of life and manners. Thus the book, good to keep as a work of reference, on account of its numerous details concerning distinguished women, is also good to read, because of its entertaining and brilliant sketches, or, as Mrs. Dall prefers to call them, fancies. It is her best work,—an advance, it strikes us, on the last, "Woman's Right to Labor," which it pleases us to see has gone to a second edition. We can give no very good reasons for saying that this book is better than that. But the tone is more serene; less tending to denunciation or righteous indignation. The wine is more mellow, the ebullition of feeling less profuse, the sediment deposited. *That* had to be drunk hastily, its bubbling pathos brought disagreeable mist into the eyes; but *this* glass we can hold calmly up, and watch the sunshine through its topaz clearness. The names of these studies are attractive, gentle reader. See them,— "Aspasia," "Hypatia," "The Countess Matilda," "Cassandra Fedele," "The Women of the House of Montefeltro," "The Women of Bologna" (seventeen names are given), "The Contributions of Women to Medical Science" (thirty-seven names), "The Duties and Influence of Women" (illustrated by reference to thirty women). Add papers on "Marie Cunitz," "Madame de Staël," "Margaret Fuller," "The Great Lawsuit," "The Fancies," and an excellent tribute to Dr. Lowell,—and you see that this is a book to interest you.

THE thoroughly established reputation of Dr. Worcester's series of Dictionaries, and the almost universal testimony of scholars, placing his recent great work at the head of existing authorities of the English tongue, leave us little to say of the compact revision just issued,* except that it is printed from new plates, faithfully prepared on the basis of the quarto, and contains, in a form very convenient for use, the tables which add so much value to that,—occupying, in this edition, more than a hundred and thirty pages. As a manual of constant reference and popular use, it will of course command a wide and steady circulation.

THE small, but handsomely printed volume, entitled "A Voice from

* A Comprehensive Dictionary of the English Language. By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D. Revised, with important Additions. Boston: Swan, Brewer, and Tileston. pp. 608.

the Newsboys,"* is in more than one respect a remarkable book. Were there not a respectable voucher in the Preface, we should doubt the possibility of such a production from such a source. The author is a newsboy of sixteen years, whose mode of life has been very unfavorable to literary acquirements, whose associations, until very recently, have been of a coarse and hard kind, and whose education has been picked up, rather than given systematically. Yet no graduate of our High Schools could write better English, and few graduates of College could write their own lives in such maturity of style. The incidents of the life, less tragic than those of many lives which the charities of our cities are continually rescuing, are yet sufficiently varied to be interesting. There is no over-statement of suffering, and no under-statement of sin; the facts are left to tell their own tale. The work is sold by its author to enable him to procure a college education. It is fairly entitled to be called a "literary curiosity."

A LITTLE volume † has appeared from the Riverside Press to the memory of John W. Browne. It is no ordinary tribute to no ordinary man, which the church, the platform, the bar, and the press have united to render. It is the more appropriate, because the fall from the platform of a railroad car, which occasioned his immediate death, has been attributed to another cause than the jar of a sudden turn of the train, just as he had raised his hand to secure his hat. But most appropriate, because Mr. Browne was distinguished in a way which earns no distinction, by qualities as rare as they are valuable,—by a very sensitive conscience which his profession was never suffered to impair; by a manful independence, which early rejected the prize of party preferment; by an earnest philanthropy, which enlisted hand, voice, and purse in the service of the slave, the criminal, and the fallen; and the conquest of an impulsive spirit, by a gentleness like that of a woman, and a tenderness as of a mother. Messrs. Sumner, Andrew, and Dana, Wendell Phillips and C. C. Shackford, have well united in an expression of feeling as graceful as it is true.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Glimpses of the Heaven that lies about us. By T. E. Poynting. London: E. T. Whitfield. 12mo. pp. 432. (See p. 451.)

Notes on the Greek Text of the Epistle of Paul to Philemon, as the Basis of a Revision of the Common English Version; and a Revised Version, with Notes. New York: American Bible Union. 24mo. pp. 90. (See p. 454.)

Commentary on Ecclesiastes, with other Treatises. By E. W. Hengsten-

* A Voice from the Newsboys. Published for the Benefit of the Author. 1860. 12mo. pp. 135.

† In Memoriam J. W. B. Boston: Published for his Friends. Crosby & Co. 1860.

berg. Translated from the German by D. W. Simon. Philadelphia: Smith English, & Co. 8vo. pp. 488.

Pulpit Themes, and Preacher's Assistant. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co. 12mo. pp. 441.

The Beautiful City and the King of Glory. By Woodbury Davis. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 12mo. pp. 255.

Recent Inquiries in Theology, by eminent English Churchmen. Being "Essays and Reviews," reprinted from the Second London Edition. Edited, with an Introduction, by Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 480. (Reviewed, p. 351.)

Notes on the Parables of our Lord. By Richard Chenevix Trench. Condensed. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 288.

Love and Penalty; or Eternal Punishment consistent with the Fatherhood of God. By Joseph P. Thompson. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 358.

The Benefit of Christ's Death. Originally written in Italian, by Aonio Paleario. Reprinted from an ancient English Translation, with an Introduction by Rev. John Ayer. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 160.

Life and Religion of the Hindoos. With a Sketch of my Life and Experience. By Joguth Chunder Gangooly (baptized Philip). Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 12mo. pp. 306.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

Lectures on Logic. By Sir William Hamilton. Edited by Rev. Henry L. Mansel and John Veitch. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 715.

The Vocabulary of Philosophy, Mental, Moral, and Metaphysical; with Quotations and References for the Use of Students. By William Fleming, D. D. With an Introduction, Chronology of the History of Philosophy brought down to 1860, Bibliographical Index, Synthetical Tables, and other Additions. By Charles P. Krauth. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co. 12mo. pp. 662.

The Glaciers of the Alps; being a Narrative of Excursions and Ascents, an Account of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers, and an Exposition of the Physical Principles to which they are related. By John Tyndall, F. R. S. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 446. (See p. 459.)

The Philosophy of Natural History. By John Ware, M. D. Prepared on the Plan, and retaining Portions, of the Work of William Smellie. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 12mo. pp. 448. (See p. 461.)

The Works of Francis Bacon. Collected and revised by James Spedding, R. L. Ellis, and D. D. Heath. Vol. XII. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 12mo. pp. 461.

A Course of Six Lectures on the Various Forces of Matter, and their Relations to each other. By Michael Faraday. Edited by William Crookes. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 16mo. pp. 198.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Text-Book of Church History. By Dr. John Henry Kurtz. Vol. I. To the Reformation. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 12mo. pp. 534.

Archæologia Americana. Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society. Vol. IV. Printed for the Society. 8vo. pp. 355. (See p. 468.)

The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson. By Izaak Walton. With some Account of the Author and his Writings, by Thomas Zouch. (One of the beautiful new Boston series of reprints.) Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 386.

The Life of George Washington. By Edward Everett. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 348. (See p. 466.)

The Life and Letters of Mrs. Emily E. Judson. By A. C. Kendrick. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 426.

The History of Herodotus, a new English Version. By George Rawlinson, M. A. Vol. IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 465. (Noticed in July.)

Brief Biographies. By Samuel Smiles. With Steel Portraits. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 517. (Needing no commendation to those who know Mr. Smiles's previous books.)

A History and Analysis of the Constitution of the United States. By Nathaniel C. Towle. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 12mo. pp. 444.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

Italy in Transition. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860, illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By William Arthur. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 429. (See p. 462.)

Reminiscences of an Officer of the Zouaves. Translated from the French. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 317.

The Wild Sports of India; with Remarks on the Breeding and Rearing of Horses, and the Formation of Light Irregular Cavalry. By Captain Henry Shakespear. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. pp. 283. (See p. 467.)

The Kangaroo Hunters; or Adventures in the Bush. By Anne Bowman. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 16mo. pp. 463.

Odd People. Being a popular Description of Singular Races of Men. By Captain Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 16mo. pp. 445.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Woman in White. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Illustrated by John McLenan. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 260.

Chapters on Wives. By Mrs. Ellis. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 358.

Tom Brown at Oxford: a Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. Part 8.

The Household of Bouverie; or, The Elixir of Gold. A Romance by a Southern Lady. New York: Derby and Jackson. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 373, 413.

My Novel. By Pisistratus Caxton. Or, Varieties in English Life. Library Edition. New York: Harper and Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 589, 581.

Wheat and Tares. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 280. (See p. 466.)

Miss Gilbert's Career. An American Story. By J. G. Holland. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 476.

JUVENILE.

American History. By Jacob Abbott. Vol. II. Discovery of America. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 288.

A Treasury of Scripture Stories, abundantly illustrated with colored Plates. New York: Sheldon & Co. pp. 16.

Primary History of the United States, made easy and interesting for Beginners. By G. P. Quackenbos. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 192.

Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's. New York: Derby & Jackson. 12mo. pp. 239.

The Fairy Nightcaps. (pp. 215.) — The Little Nightcap Letters. (pp. 178.) — A Year with Maggie and Emma. (pp. 137.) — New York: D. Appleton & Co. 24mo.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Eighth Commandment. Charles Reade. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 276.

Forty Years' Experience in Sunday Schools. By Stephen H. Tyng. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 251.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays and Poems. By T. Babington Macaulay. New and Revised Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 358.

Historical Pictures Retouched. A Volume of Miscellanies. In Two Parts. Part I. Studies. Part II. Fancies. By Mrs. Dall. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 16mo. pp. 402. (See p. 470.)

The Odes of Horace, translated into English Verse. With a Life and Notes. By Theodore Martin. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 32mo. (Blue and Gold.)

A Hand-Book of Exercises and Reading-Lessons for Beginners in Latin, progressively illustrated by Grammatical References. By James Morris Whiton. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 244. (Noticed in September.)

First Greek Book; comprising an Outline of the Forms and Inflections of the Language, a complete Analytical Syntax, and an Introductory Greek Reader. With Notes and Vocabularies. By Albert Harkness. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 276.

The Lake Regions of Central Africa. A Picture of Exploration. By Richard F. Burton. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 572.

The Housekeeper's Encyclopaedia of Useful Information in all Branches of Cooking and Domestic Economy. By Mrs. E. F. Haskell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 445.

A Comprehensive Dictionary of the English Language. By Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D. Revised, with important Additions. Boston: Swan, Brewer, and Tileston. Large 12mo. pp. 608. (See p. 470.)

Hand-Book of Universal Literature, from the best and latest Authorities; designed for Popular Reading and as a Text-Book for Schools and Colleges. By Anne C. Lynch Cotta. New York: Derby and Jackson. 12mo. pp. 567.

Annual Report of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. 1859 - 1860. New York: J. W. Amerman. 8vo. pp. 356.

PAMPHLETS.

Phases of Atheism, described, examined, and answered. By Sophia Dobson Collet. London: Holyoake & Co. pp. 36. (Reprinted from the Christian Examiner of November, 1859.)

The Free-Church System. From the American Quarterly Church Review, October, 1860. New Haven: Tuttle, Morehouse, and Taylor. pp. 35.

Involuntary Confessions. A Monograph. By Francis Whiston. Philadelphia: Kay and Brother. pp. 36.

Religion in Public Instruction. Baccalaureate Address, delivered before the Graduating Class of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, June 20, 1860. By Thomas Hill. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. pp. 31. (Defending it as "our privilege and our duty, to introduce the Christian religion, in a positive and earnest form, into the public course of instruction," reserving for theological schools "the dogmas concerning which Christians differ." A condensed, full, and seasonable argument.)

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